PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

No. 7432.—Vol. XLIX. *FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY* 11, 1889. *Price One Penny.*

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

DRURY LANE.
(Augustus Harris, Lessee and Manager.)
TO-DAY, at 1.30 and 7.30, THE BABES IN THE WOOD. Messrs. Harry Nicholls, Herbert Campbell, C. Lauri, jun., Stevens, Leno, Griffiths Bros., Andrews, Inch, Pleon. Henderson, Stanley, Dezano, and Harry Payne; Mesdames Florence Dysart, Duggan, Mayer, ÆNEA, Grey, Charteris, Deering, and Harriet Vernon. Box-office open daily from 10 to 6.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. Haddon Chambers, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THE DUCHESS OF BAYSWATER AND CO. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5. MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY, January 19, at 2.30
SPECIAL MATINEES of THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, TO-MORROW (Saturday), (by special desire), and EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30. Seats may now be booked.

LYCEUM THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.)
MACBETH, TO-NIGHT, at 7.45. Overture 7.40. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Messrs. Alexander, Wenman, Tyars, Webster, Howe, Haviland, Harvey, Johnson, Kaynor, Outram, Lacy, Archer, &c.; Misses Marriott, Seaman, Desborough, Coleridge, Ivor, &c. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.—LYCEUM.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.
THE DON. Mr. J. L. TOOLE. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale's successful Comedy, THE DON. 216th Time.

SAVOY THEATRE.
(Proprietor and Manager, R. D'Oyly Carte.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, the New and Original Opera, in Two Acts, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, entitled THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD; or, THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID. Preceded at 7.20 by MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Doors open at 7. MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Doors open at 2. Box-office open continuously from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.

ADELPHI THEATRE.
(A. and S. Gatti, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.0, THE SILVER FALLS. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, Royce Carleton, Eardley Turner, J. Carne, C. Eaton, James East, H. Russell; Mesdames Millward, O. Nethersole, G. Esmond, A. Dairolles, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, Farce. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 2.0.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
(Mr. Thomas Thorne, Sole Lessee and Manager.)
THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. 256th Time. Preceded at 7.30 by THE POET. Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. William Rignold, Fred Thorne, Cyril Maude, J. S. Blythe, Scott Buist, F. Grove, Frank Gillmore, and Mr. H. B. Conway; Mesdames Gladys Homfrey, Annie Irish, M. A. Giffard, Banister, B. Harrison, Arnold, R. McNeill, Bowman, Adlercron, Maunder, and Winifred Emery.
N.B.—SPECIAL MATINEE, MONDAY NEXT at 2.30, of a new fantastic Comedy by Robert Buchanan, entitled "THAT DOCTOR CUPID," in which Mr. Thomas Thorne and powerful company will appear.

GAIETY THEATRE.
THIS EVENING, at 7.30, FIRST MATE. At 8.30, FAUST UP TO DATE. Miss Florence St. John, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Marie Illington, Miss Fanny Robina, Miss Jenny M'Nulty, Miss Lillian Price, Miss M. Jones, Miss F. Levey, Miss A. Young, Miss E. Greville, Miss M. Love; Mr. E. J. Lonnen, Mr. H. Parker, Mr. Charles Ross, Mr. E. Haslem, and Mr. George Stone.

TERRY'S THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edward Terry.)
The safest Theatre in the world, constructed entirely with concrete and iron absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout by electricity.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, SWEET LAVENDER, by A. W. Pinero. 300th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, F. Kerr, H. Reeves Smith, Sant Matthews, Prince Miller; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, and Blanche Horlock. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. Brickwell.

GLOBE THEATRE.
(Sole Lessee, Mr. Richard Mansfield.)
LAST NIGHT of PRINCE KARL. Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD will appear TO-NIGHT at 8.45, for the last time, as PRINCE KARL. Miss Beatrice Cameron as Florence. At 8, EDITHA'S BURGLAR.
Mr. Richard Mansfield being ordered by his physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, to cease work for a short time, begs to announce that (during his brief absence), commencing TO-MORROW NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER will be performed, MISS KATE VAUGHAN being specially engaged to play Miss HARDCASTLE, whilst Mr. LIONEL BROUGH will appear as TONY LUMPKIN. Mr. William Herbert, Mr. D. H. Harkins, Mr. J. T. Sullivan, Mr. Barrows, Mr. Crompton, Mr. Frankau, Mr. Steuart, and others; Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Miss May Whitty, Miss Burton. Box-office (Mr. Innes) open from 10 to 5.
RICHARD III., Shakspeare's tragedy, will be played at this theatre upon Mr. MANSFIELD'S RETURN.

STRAND THEATRE.
(Under the management of Mr. C. H. Hawtrey.)
(By arrangement with Mr. Willie Edouin.)
TO-NIGHT will be performed, a Burlesque in Three Acts, entitled ATALANTA, at 9 o'clock. Mr. George Capel, Mr. Tom Squire, Mr. Fleming Norton, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, and Mr. Willie Warde; Miss Muriel Aubrey, Miss Carlotta Zerbini, Misses S. and G. Baring, and Miss Marie Linden. Preceded, at 8.10, by A HIGHLAND LEGACY, by Mr. Brandon Thomas. Box-office open from Ten to Five.

COURT THEATRE.
(Proprietors, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh.)
(Under the management of Mrs. John Wood.)
EVERY EVENING, at 9.0 (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare), LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, adapted by Sydney Grundy, and entitled MAMMA. 99th Performance. Preceded at 8 by BOX AND COX. Doors open 7.45. Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 3,031. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES. Special prices: Stalls, 7*s.* 6*d.*; dress circle, 5*s.*

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, Shaftesbury Avenue.
(Proprietor, Mr. John Lancaster.)
THIS EVENING, at 7.45, A HUSBAND IN CLOVER. At 8.15, THE LADY OF LYONS. (Last Night.) Miss Wallis, Mesdames Robertha Erskine, H. Leigh, Annie Rose; Messrs. Arthur Stirling, Bassett Roe, Allen Thomas, Matthew Brodie, Charles Arnold, Herberte Basing, George Seldon, &c., and Forbes Robertson.

LYRIC THEATRE.
(Sole Proprietor and Manager, Henry J. Leslie.)
TO-NIGHT, at 8.15, DOROTHY. 842nd Performance. Mesdames Effie Chapuy, Florence Perry, H. Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, S. King, and C. Hayden Coffin. At 7.30, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

AVENUE THEATRE.
(Manager, Mr. H. Watkin.)
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS at 2, NADGY. Mdlle. Vanoni, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and powerful company. Conducted by Mr. John Crook. Preceded at 7.30 by QUITS. Doors open at 7.15; Box-office open daily from 10 to 5 o'clock. Telephone 3,241. MORNING PERFORMANCE doors open 1.30. Children half price.—R. D'Albertson, Acting Manager.

GETTING UP A MURDER PANIC.

It is the duty of good citizens, said Mr. Justice Denman yesterday at the Old Bailey, to be calm and quiet at such a time as this. No doubt. But does Mr. Justice Denman think that he contributes to the calm and quiet which he so much desiderates by piling up the agony as he did yesterday in his address to the prisoner in the dock? Here, for instance, is the way in which his lordship described the present position of affairs:—

> There was at large at that time a person whom one could only describe as either a frantic madman, with very great art and power of escaping from persons who were searching for him, or a fiend in human shape, who was causing the most fearful injuries and murdering poor unoffending creatures, at least as far as he was concerned, right and left.

Language more admirably calculated to excite the alarm and disquietude which he professes to wish to allay, it would be difficult to frame; and yet this is taken from a judicial discourse to a prisoner on the use of "exciting language." The *Daily News*, however, far and away outdoes the judge. In an article entitled "A Carnival of Crime," we have the following extraordinary series of preposterous exaggerations:—

> We hang two men a day quite commonly now. As things go, it is never safe to reckon on a day's paper without the account of an execution. There is always a trap falling, or a trap ready to fall. No wonder Mr. Berry walks the streets with a swagger. He is the busiest of our public functionaries. A strike of hangmen would paralyse the administrative machine.

No wonder it asks, "What is to be done?" If we may venture to answer its question, we should mildly suggest that the first thing is to get to know the facts, and then to stick to them. They are bad enough, in all conscience, without exaggerating them in such ridiculous fashion as this. How many executions, we wonder, have taken place in England within the last six months? "Two a day quite commonly" would imply that the hangings must have mounted up to hundreds at least. So far from that being the case, they do not reach scores, nor even to dozens. Why, then, this absurd declamation about the activity of the hangman? The mischief is not that he is too active but that his halter is so seldom stretched. The number of murderers prowling round is out of all proportion to those who go to the gallows. It will be time enough for us to declare that hanging does not deter when we succeed in catching the men who ought to be hanged.

The outburst of murderous crime which is reported from all parts of the country is the natural consequence of the impunity enjoyed by the Whitechapel murderer and the publicity given to his crimes. It is a disagreeable reflection that there are many persons in the country who are only restrained from committing murder by the fear of the hangman's noose, but the fact is indisputable. There is a salutary superstition widespread among our people that murder will out, and that sooner or later the gallows claims its due. The utter failure of the police to apprehend the Whitechapel murderer has made such a serious inroad upon this superstition that it has to a large extent ceased to be an operative force. People see that it is possible to kill and escape, and they are accordingly making practical experiment of the new doctrine which they have substituted for the old dread. The sense of impunity has set our latent murderers loose on the community. There is a murder here, a murder there, until we are in danger of getting blasé with bloodshed. When we do the epidemic will die out. For it is to a great extent propagated by the newspapers. We do not see that any good is to be gained by refusing to face that fact. Publicity has its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and the inoculation of the whole community with the criminal mania whose outbreak has to be reported is one of the disadvantages resulting from our present system. The law prohibits the publication of details of all descriptions of crime which come under the definition of obscenity. Some day the law that is used to prevent the propagation of scabrous matter connected with the breach of the Seventh Commandment may also be extended to the fabrication of matter which may lead to a breach of the Eighth. It is not generally recognized that familiarity, especially the fresh familiarity, with murderous deeds begets in certain minds an absolute craving to commit murder. But our only surprise is that the publication far and wide, with all their ghastly and gory details, of the eight murders in Whitechapel, has so far produced what is after all comparatively so small a crop of murders.

As if a murder panic were not enough, we have our contemporaries diligently fomenting a panic about burglars. One curious feature of all these panics is that they invariably produce the same old miserable "specific." Nothing gives us a more pitiable conception of the sterility of the English mind, than the monotony with which, whenever the public is alarmed, the public clamours for the lash. Here, for instance, are two letters in the *Times* this morning. The first begins:—

> The press and the public generally should force our timid, halting officials to take energetic action against certain forms of crime. May I suggest that—
>
> 1. Any person committing a burglary or robbery from the person, accompanied by violence or brutality, be flogged.
>
> 2. Any burglar or other thief having upon him a revolver, or other distinctly murderous weapon, be flogged.

Correspondent number two says the same. All this is very stupid. The difficulty is not what to do with our burglars when we catch them. The difficulty is to catch them at all. You cannot do more than hang a man. The gallows waits for every murderer. But it waits in vain. Not severer punishment but more speedy and certain detection is the one thing needful.

A BIOLOGIST ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

By Mr. Grant Allen.

In all this talk that has been going on recently in five hundred ways about the many-sided woman question—marriage, emancipation, woman's rights, female education, and all the rest of it—there are one or two fixed points, as seen from the biological platform, which appear to me so generally neglected that a word or two about them may perhaps prove useful towards the formation of opinion. Regarding man, and communities of men, from the point of view of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, the question is, what are the conditions as to its women under which alone a community can survive in the struggle?

A hive of bees gives us a useful analogy by which to gauge the feasibility of many current proposals for remodelling human social organization. In that happy community, the "emancipated woman's" ideal of womanhood seems almost to be realized. The hive consists mainly of many old maids; working neuters; females who have lost their feminine character, and who practically do the work of the community, without taking any part in replenishing the world with their own successors. The task of maternity has been shuffled off upon a single fertile female, the queen or mother-bee, who lays eggs vicariously for the whole community, thus permitting the vast mass of the females to specialize themselves upon industrial functions. The queen's large size, her inactive life, the abundance of her food, and the absence of all labour in seeking it, enable her to take upon herself the whole duty of reproduction, leaving all the others free for works of public utility.

Now, if in the human species we had any such class of specialized mothers, who could thus be told off during their whole lives to produce large numbers of strong and healthy offspring on behalf of the nation, it might be possible to educate the remaining vast mass of women for practical work in life, like that of men, without danger to the stability of each particular community. But as things stand, we have (happily or unhappily) no queen bees; and we have, therefore, little room for any large class of neuters. Woman in our species is the sex specially told off to bear the chief strain of reproduction, which in the human race is peculiarly long, severe, and exhausting. Our class of mothers ought accordingly to be as strong and as efficient as possible. And living, as we do, under the iron despotism of the struggle for existence, it must necessarily happen that if in any community, through any cause, the mother-class fails in maternal effectiveness, that community must inevitably go straight to the wall, under stress of competition—industrial, mercantile, military—with better-adapted and better-mothered communities.

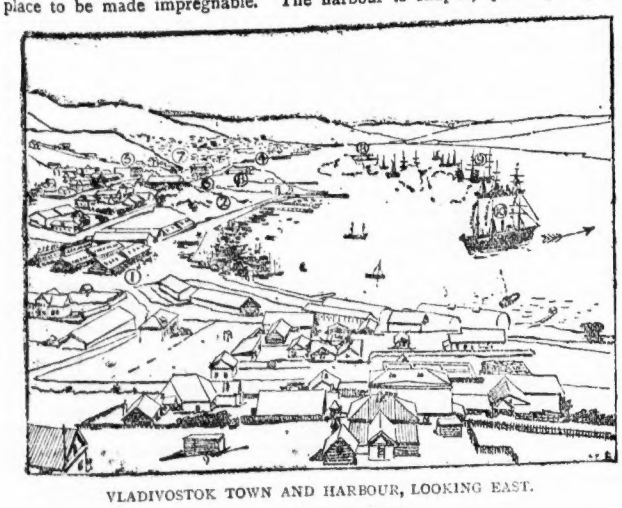
This is the point, as it seems to me, which most of the disputants in these matters miss. They talk much about the woman's natural rights, her aspirations, her wishes; much about possible reorganization and "marriage reform;" much about tastes and feelings and affinities. But they forget that the question has been taken by nature out of the individual's hands altogether: that unless the new arrangements are such as

A VISIT TO VLADIVOSTOK.

(From our Travelling Commissioner.) October 6, 1888.

The "Golden Horn" of the Pacific.

An old-fashioned theologian would say that Providence had intended this place to be made impregnable. The harbour is shaped, speaking roughly,



VLADIVOSTOK TOWN AND HARBOUR, LOOKING EAST.

Key.—1. Chinese Bazaar.
2. Governor's House and Gardens.
3. Marine Staff.
4. Arsenal.
5 and 6. German "Stores."
7. Church.
8. Dock.
9. *Dmitri Donskoi* (flagship).
10. *Takachiho Maru* (Japanese line of steamers)
The *arrow* shows the way out of the harbour.

like a plain letter L standing on its head, thus: Γ. It has two entrances, one at the south-east corner, the other in the middle of the west side, both narrow deep-water channels, the latter indeed being only a few hundred feet wide. As we steam straight north on the long leg of the Γ, we notice first an extensive beach on the right, then several large bays open out in succession, and we pass through a narrow opening between Capes Novosilsky and Nazimoff and leave the western entrance on the left. The hills around are densely wooded and all the defences visible so far have been extensive earth-works building on our right, and loads of bricks for them lying on the shores below. Now, however, as the ship passes Cape Goldobin we discover a large two-storeyed battery from which nine black muzzles look down on us. What may be behind the earthworks of the upper storey you cannot tell, but the guns below are not very terrible, being visibly only 9-inch muzzle loaders, mounted upon obsolete iron carriages. They might, of course, make it very hot for a ship in the harbour with their plunging fire at short range, but I take it for granted already that Vladivostok is defended by altogether different weapons, however dreadful these may look to the captains of peaceful merchant vessels. Soon after passing Fort Goldobin, a sharp turn to the right, almost at a right angle, brings us into the harbour, which then stretches out due east in a straight line, upwards of two miles long and half a mile wide. This is the Eastern Bosphorus, and the "Golden Horn" of the Pacific.

The Town of Vladivostok.

The town of Vladivostok extends nearly the entire length of the north side of the harbour, and in configuration it rather resembles St. John's, Newfoundland, the houses beginning at the water's edge and gradually thinning out as the hills behind get steeper. The anchorage is so admirable that the *Takachiho*, a vessel 327 feet long, lies within a stone's throw of the wharves, and the same anchorage exists all round. Directly in front of us, after we have anchored, are three little parallel streets constituting the Chinese bazaar. On our left is the Chinese and Korean town of wooden shanties; behind us are five or six blocks of fine brick buildings forming the winter barracks, while straight away ahead is a broad street soon disappearing over the hill, to become after a while the great Siberian post-road. The main street runs parallel with the harbour, and on this are the chief stores and many of the private houses. A quarter of a mile along it to our right is the Governor's residence, buried in a square mass of foliage—the gardens where the band plays regularly and the society of Vladivostok comes to walk and to gossip. Further on, always between the water and the street, is the "Staff," the Governor's official head-quarters, a large handsome building, and further still, a mile or more from where we lie, a tall chimney marks the situation of the "Port," as the Russians call it, a score or more of store-houses and machine-shops forming the Navy Yard or Arsenal. This extends along the shore for a quarter of a mile and the torpedo-boats and small ships of the Siberian Squadron lie alongside, with a confiscated American fishing-sloop, while the iron-clads and gun-boats are anchored a little further off. On the opposite shore of the harbour there are no buildings of any kind, except an iron store-house deep in the woods here and there, isolated presumably on account of inflammable or explosive contents. On the summits of the two high hills behind the town are two stations for the fire watch. Almost all these points may be distinguished in the photograph of the harbour I send you.

An Embarrassing Interview.

The chief hotel of Vladivostok is at a pastrycook's shop, so I remained in my comfortable quarters on board, and after breakfast I went on shore to present my semi-official introduction—an imposing looking document a foot square with the Russian Eagle on the back—to the Military Governor, Rear-Admiral Ermolaiew. His Excellency received me with the utmost courtesy, but his efforts to conceal his vast surprise at my visit were in vain. He read the letter—a long one—then he looked at me; then he read it again and looked again. "Yes," he said, finally, "anything I can do for you, of course, but what on earth do you want to see at Vladivostok?" I modestly replied that, with his Excellency's permission, I wanted to see everything. "But what?" As I had only been an hour in the place, however, I was not in a position to specify my desires in detail. "But what shall I do?" To dictate to a Russian Military Governor was naturally repugnant to me, and as Admiral Ermolaiew's French—the only language in which we could communicate—was of a rudimentary character, the conversation was rapidly approaching an embarrassing dead-lock. Suddenly, with an explosive "Ah!" the Governor sprang from his chair and disappeared, returning in a minute with his wife, a most attractive and energetic lady, charming even at that early hour of the morning. Mdme. Ermolaiew spoke French like a phonograph, with the native tact of a Russian she straightened matters in a moment, and five minutes later I was bowed out between the salute of the bluejacket

will produce the maximum of healthy children (even at the risk of over-population—Malthus and starvation will take care of that) the community which adopts them will fail in the struggle. The question is not, What do we like? but, What is feasible under the necessary conditions of human existence?

Not only the woman, then, but the man also, must in any large consideration of the subject be left out of view. The children alone must be kept well in sight. If at the same time you can manage to accommodate the man and the woman as well, so much the better; but if you leave the children to take care of themselves, nature will swiftly and surely revenge herself upon you. Adopt a system of female education, for example, which enfeebles your women for maternal functions, and you lose in the next generation, as a nation, economically and politically. Adopt a system of relation between the sexes which in any way imperils healthy and abundant child-bearing, and you deliver yourself up, bound hand and foot, to the mercies of the competitive or warlike enemy. Discuss as much as you like the philosophy of these questions: but remember always that in the stern background natural selection lies in wait to weigh you with its inexorable balance of survival of the fittest.

The first thing you have got to do with the mass of your women is to make them into healthy and efficient mothers. To this task of maternity the vast majority of women in every community must needs address themselves. "But there are always a great many over, and these we may surely, if we like, prepare for other functions." Yes, if you know how to discriminate them beforehand; if the females of your community could be trained from the beginning by deliberate design, as queens or as neuters. But as things now stand, you can't discriminate. You "educate" your women at the expense of their reserve fund; and after all you find they marry, and make very unsatisfactory and physically inefficient mothers. For a woman ought to possess a vast reserve fund of vigour, accumulated in youth, to enable her to bear up against the exceptional strain of child-bearing. You may think you have done no harm to her health by your training; and that may be true enough while she remains single; but have you done it positive good? have you let it lay up that reserve fund of strength without which child-bearing is dangerous and (what is far worse for the community) inefficient? You can never tell that till the time comes: and then many of your seemingly healthy Girton and Nuneham girls break down utterly. The training you give the mass of your women must be a training fitted to make good mothers; and the residue must be left to their own devices.

It is the same with all these new-fangled plans for reorganizing marriage. They may be all very well for the men and women; but will they work? Will they keep up the proper supply of healthy children, allowing a margin by way of surplus for the free action of natural selection within the bounds of the community itself?—a thing, as I believe, essential in the end to healthy nationality. These are the questions that naturally suggest themselves at once to a biologist; and they are the questions that, so far as I have observed, hardly any of the theorists, pro or con., ever dream of facing. The bugbear of over-population (which Darwinism ought surely by this time to have dispelled) is the one thing they think of. They forget that unless you produce more children than you need no healthy competition can exist among the offspring to keep the general level of the community at its highest possible point of efficiency.

If these ideas seem in any way conservative, I trust nobody will ever quote them as my "views" on the subject. I am endeavouring here merely to posit the problem, not to solve it; to show the conditions a solution must fulfil, not to assert or deny the possibility of any solution. I am not such a fool as to say what I really think about such a subject as the relation of the sexes in this intolerant nineteenth century. If I did, my conclusions would certainly *not* be conservative; but I am wise enough, happily, to keep those to myself, locked up in the safe recesses of my inner consciousness.

"THE SLAUGHTER OF OUR SONGSTERS."

(A DOMESTIC IDYLL.)

"The ladies themselves don't object; it is their husbands who will not stand heads in their hats."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

When Edwin sat him down to dine one night
With tender ruth his heart was newly stricken;
In vain did Angelina him invite,
Grace said, to carve the chicken.

"A thousand songsters slaughtered in one day!
Oh, Angelina, meditate upon it,
And henceforth never, never wear, I pray,
A redbreast on thy bonnet!"

Sweet Angelina did not scold nor scowl;
No word she spake—she better knew her lover;
But from the ample dish of roasted fowl
She gently raised the cover.

And lo! the savour of that tender bird
The tender Edwin's appetite did quicken;
He started—by a new emotion stirred,
Said grace, and carved the chicken.

S.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Prince Bismarck himself, it is reported, is about to take the field in person against Sir Robert Morier. His uhlans in the press having been annihilated, it is only fitting that he should hurry up in force. The thesis which he is going to prove, so say his organs, is that Sir Robert Morier put Dr. Geffcken up to publishing the late Emperor's diary in order to strike a blow at him (Prince Bismarck). Supposing—an incredible hypothesis—that he proves this amazing assertion, does that justify the circulation of the libel of a dead traitor which has no relation whatever to the diary in question? It is monstrous, but when people lose their tempers there is no knowing what folly they may not commit.

Here, for instance, is the presumably sane editor of a German paper, declaring that after all that has passed, it will be a humiliation for Germany if Sir Robert Morier remains at St. Petersburg! If so, then Germany must put up with her humiliation as best she can, for Sir Robert will remain at St. Petersburg. But what a monstrous doctrine is this! You calumniate a man, he repels your calumny, and then you cry out that he must be dismissed from his post, to soothe your *amour propre!* Temporary dementia alone can explain such nonsense as this.

We are glad to see that the *Standard* shows some sense of the immense potential importance that attaches to the betrothal of the Tzarewitch to the Princess Alix of Hesse. It is indeed a blessed result of a more unblessed quarrel that so staunch a Ministerial organ as the *Standard* finds it necessary to say in connection with this engagement, that—

> We may have our sympathies and our preferences, but we have no prejudices, as far as alliances with other nations are concerned; and if Germany ceased to value our friendship, there are other nations in whose eyes the price of it at once would rise.

This is a judicious hint which will have its weight at Berlin. Of course they may say that England is *une quantité négligeable.* Well and good. Then they cannot object if that nullity is transferred to the Russian scale where it is held in much higher esteem.

Temperance reformers in this country have not yet paid sufficient attention to the need for making instruction in the scientific case for temperance an essential part of our school education. They are on this point ahead of us in the States. Twenty-five Legislatures, besides the national Government, have made scientific temperance a compulsory school study in their respective States and Territories, covering more than two-thirds of the population. Thirteen States yet lack this legislation only. Three of these—New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois—are in the north. The inculcation of temperance in this practical educational fashion is entirely due to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. We have no similar body to undertake the work in this country.

We referred some months ago to the probability that the Puritan and the Socialist would find their first meeting point in the struggle to reconquer the lost Sabbath of one day's rest in seven in the United States, where a million and a half of wage-workers, or one in every eight families, are deprived of their rest day largely through the inconsiderateness of the Christian public. The following Sabbath observance pledge is being extensively signed:—

I AGREE

I. To observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.
II. To neither purchase nor patronize Sunday newspapers.
III. To use my influence by word and example, against railroad and steamboat travel and excursions.
IV. Not to patronize any store, barber shop, news stand, drug store (except for medicine), bakery, or any other place of unnecessary work on the Sabbath, and to use my influence to close them.
V. Not to send or call for mail on the Sabbath.
VI. To make the Sabbath work at home as light and simple as possible, that all may enjoy the privileges of the day.
VII. To use my influence for legislation that will protect the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.

NAME.....

Over four million petitioners have asked Congress for a law prohibiting Sunday trains, &c. The Lord's Day Observance Society might do well to take this leaf out of the American book.

The hard case of the cabby who has had his horse bitten by a savage dog belonging to a "fare," and who cannot get immediate redress because the said fare is an infant, turns out to be at once less hard and harder than we at first imagined. It is less hard, for Mr. Paget, the magistrate, was clearly wrong in imagining that the plea of infancy would avail. "He appears to have overlooked the fact," writes cabby's solicitor, "that infants are by the common law liable for torts." But on the other hand the case is even harder than at first appeared, for cabby's horse which he bought out of his savings is declared unfit for working, his cab is seriously damaged, and he himself has lost a week's work. The case is hard, too, on the public generally, for the dog, which showed suspicious signs of rabies, is believed to be now at large. The "infant" who was the means of letting the animal loose comes of a well-to-do family. Is it not a clear case for his family to compensate cabby, instead of forcing him to proceed against the "infant"?

Captain Penrose Fitzgerald is far and away the raciest disputant of all our naval writers. He finishes his letter to the *Times* this morning with the following characteristic flourish:—

> If this (the strengthening of the navy) is done and acted upon promptly and energetically upon non-party lines, we may relegate the defence of the commercial ports to Mercury, female suffrage to Venus, Home Rule to Uranus, and still leave Mars and Neptune enencumbered with our national rubbish.

Seeing that Mr. Gladstone has already banished political economy to Saturn and that Captain Fitzgerald has sent history to Jupiter, the general distribution leaves our poor planet in a state of destitution for which not even a strong British navy would be an adequate consolation.

It is a pleasant contrast to turn from the practice of coercion in Ireland to the principles of conciliation which the Chief Constable of Montgomeryshire recently laid down for the guidance of his subordinates in Wales. Here are the excellent words spoken by Major Godfrey, the liberal-minded official in question:—

> He had always found that if men were treated as men they would behave as men, and that if they were driven like slaves, or treated like children or convicts, people who so treated them must not be astonished if they acted as such. It was possible to defeat any movement temporarily by police and soldiers, but their employment not only plunged the country into enormous debt and destroyed confidence, but nothing was more degrading than for the British people to be driven by their own police and their own soldiers.

This is excellent sound doctrine. What a pity it is that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Monro cannot go to school under Major Godfrey.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, like all the Unionist disputants, fails to see that absence of energy against the greater severity of the Americans in dealing with their Irishry tells directly against our system of governing Ireland. Speaking of the suppression of the Conscription riots in New York, he says:—

> The Americans regard it as a mere weakness on the part of a British Government to allow the Irish to break the law, which they would themselves enforce against lawlessness, if necessary, with "lead and steel." With lead and steel they did enforce the law when Irish lawlessness rose in New York against the draft. In one day they summarily put to death more Irish than have died for political or agrarian crime on British scaffolds since the Union. Mr. Bryce says with perfect truth that nobody ever cried out against the slaughter.

What is the moral? Not surely that we must slaughter the Irish, but that we must so readjust the system by which we govern them that the Government of Ireland may have as free a hand to use lead and steel as the Government of New York. We are in such a false position in Ireland, the world re-echoes with every protest against any act of severity, no matter how slight. If the position of the Irish Government was in accordance with democratic principle, we could kill a hundred men and make less hubbub than arose over Mitchelstown.

The defeat and resignation of the New South Wales Ministry yesterday is another unfortunate instance of the poverty of *personnel* in colonial politics. The defeat was consequent upon a protest against the appointment of a Mr. Fehon on the Railway Board. Mr. Fehon had indeed been exonerated by an official inquiry from the charges alleged against him, but as nevertheless the motion against his appointment was carried by three to two, we may conclude that he was not above suspicion. What proportion, we wonder, of colonial politicians are?

The Emperor of Russia has just decorated and rewarded a private soldier whose fidelity to his duty recalls the stories of the Roman sentinels who perished in the destruction of Pompeii. When the recent earthquake destroyed a small Russian town in Central Asia, this soldier was on duty in the military treasury. Although the houses were crashing around him this faithful fellow stood motionless, waiting death. The only sign which showed that he appreciated his situation was the fact that he raised his hands as soldiers do at prayer. Fortunately, a sergeant in the street saw him amid the ruins and instantly ordered him to quit his post, which he did right willingly. The undeviating obedience to the word of command, due to the iron sense of duty which distinguishes the Russian soldier, has seldom been more strikingly displayed than by this solitary sentry, who, when an earthquake shook a town into ruins, refused to leave his post in the very midst of the crashing masonry.

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and the sentry, with the Governor's card in my pocket bearing a written permission to go anywhere and see almost anything, and with an appointment to meet an officer the next morning at eleven who would act as *cicerone.* I was slightly out of breath, it is true, at the speed of the interview, but naturally very

SKETCH OF THE BARRACKS.

grateful for the distinguished courtesy, and as the sum total of my various interviews with Admiral and Mdme. Ermolaiew did not cover fifteen minutes, I take leave of them here with my respect and best thanks, and with many apologies to his Excellency for the sudden surprise into which my presence plunged him.

OPENINGS FOR TRADE.

Vladivostok is a purely military town. That is, not only does it owe its existence to strategic and military considerations, but even after it has been thus created no other interests or enterprises have grown up around it. In this case trade has not followed the flag: the place is just Russia's one stronghold and naval base on the Pacific, and nothing else. Its imports consist of the supplies for the military and naval population and those who minister to them; its only export at present is a little seaweed. Two other industries might be developed here, however, and these are well worth the attention of energetic men with some capital. Siberia contains vast forests of the finest and largest timber, and a very important export trade in this could easily be cultivated. And the authorities find great difficulty in supplying themselves with fresh meat. Cattle are imported regularly from Korea, but the supply is poor and uncertain, while Siberia is probably as well suited in many parts for cattle-raising as Western Canada. I believe, moreover, that the Russian authorities would materially help the right man to introduce this. At present, however, all its commerce is a tribute to the God of Battles. A Russian store is just closing up, and the two great stores, magnificent stone and brick buildings, employing scores of clerks and salesmen, where you can buy absolutely everything from a pound of butter to a piano, are owned by Germans, the one by Messrs. Kunst and Albers, the other by Mr. Langelütje. There is also the smaller general store of Mr. Hagemann, almost the only English resident.

SPORT AND SOCIETY.

Life in this corner of Russian Tartary is lively enough. During the summer there are the constant festivities attending the arrival of foreign men-of-war. In winter it is of course dreadfully cold, and a frozen stick of milk is left at the door in the morning and the beef is kept frozen in a tub and cut out as wanted. But from Christmas onwards for a couple of months, I am told there is a ceaseless round of social gaiety. Excellent pheasant and duck-shooting is to be had over the surrounding bays and hills; large deer abound in an island a day's sail to the south; while the famous thick-coated northern tigers are to be found by seeking. One of the traditions of Vladivostok, and a true one, too, tells how a young fellow named Chudjakow was out shooting one day, when a tiger met him. He fired and killed it. Scarcely had it fallen, however, when a second walked out of the woods. He fired again, hitting this one, which turned tail and disappeared. A moment later a tiger appeared again from the same place. He fired for the third time, supposing this to be the same animal, and wounded it slightly. Before he could reload, however, it was upon him, and he was fighting it for his life. His rifle was useless, and he had only a long hunting-knife. As he did not return at night his father and friends organized a search party, and at last found him unconscious between the paws of the dead tiger.

A MILITARY FORTRESS.

Everything in Vladivostok is made subservient to military interests, and there is no pretence to the contrary. The Mayor is merely the vehicle of the Governor's will. The neighbourhood of every fortified point is strictly guarded by sentries, whom no civilian ever passes. The police, who know everything that passes and the movements of every one, resident or stranger, are of course the Governor's pawns, under the command of a military officer. No foreign Consuls are allowed to reside at Vladivostok, the only foreign representative being Mr. Terami, called the Japanese Commissioner of Trade or some such non-political title. Most foreign newspapers and books are forbidden, as in European Russia, and at the only bookseller's in town I could not buy a single volume in any foreign language, except a few French works of world-famous innocence, used everywhere as school reading-books. And inquisitiveness or gossip on the part of the foreign population about local, naval, or military affairs is sternly discouraged, and trespassers against this unwritten law soon learn very distinctly that they will be more comfortable if they obey it. I ran up against this before I had been in Vladivostok four hours. My first day there I was lunching at a foreign house, and happened, naturally and quite innocently, to put some question or other about the batteries. "That is a matter," I was immediately told by my host, "that we make a point of knowing nothing about. We find that ignorance on such subjects is the only way to get along pleasantly with our Russian friends." With eyes and ears, however, fairly accustomed to fortifications, a good field-glass, and the help of the little bird who whispers to journalists as well as to lovers and liars, there was interesting information to be picked up, and before I have done I hope to tell you a few new things about this far-away extremity of the Muscovite Empire.

THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" AS A PASSPORT.

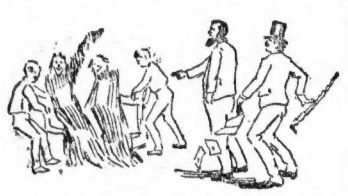
I must add, however that the authorities put no ridiculous restrictions or professions of violent secrecy in my way. On the contrary, the name of the *Pall Mall Gazette* had only to be uttered to assure me a hearty welcome, and many were the messages of thanks and appreciation I was begged to convey to its editor. I was immediately told that I could not inspect the batteries or fortifications from within—a permission I should never have dreamed of asking; but several places where no Englishman had ever been before—the whole of the Navy Yard and Arsenal, for instance—were thrown open to me; the Governor's card took me almost everywhere; I had a written permission to take photographs, with certain specified exceptions—a permission I freely availed myself of; I was immediately introduced at the Naval Club; and finally the Governor's Adjutant lent me his own boat. As I thus sped across the harbour of this Russian stronghold, in command of a Russian official's barge, pulled by six lusty Russian bluejackets, and with a Russian rear-admiral's flag trailing behind me, it struck me as a decidedly unique position for an English journalist, and as an interesting commentary upon the suspicion and exclusiveness and unfriendliness that are so freely attributed to the Russians by our own people and press. In my next letter I will try to answer the question, "Is Russia impregnable on the Pacific?" in the light of the new and striking facts I have discovered.

HOW I SKETCHED MRS. SIDDONS'S SHOES.

A VISIT TO MISS ELLEN TERRY'S DRESSING ROOM.

"COME TO SKETCH MRS. SIDDONS'S SHOES?"

"CAN I see Miss Terry, please," and out popped the severe head of Mr. Barry, the keeper of the stage door at the Lyceum Theatre, just as I have shown him here. "Miss Terry, sir," said Barry, "on the stage, sir." "Yes. I've come to sketch Lady Macbeth's shoes." "This way, please," and I passed the Rubicon, and in a minute found myself on the stage, upon which "Macbeth" was proceeding. I waited about for twenty minutes absorbed in all I saw, when Mr. Barry appeared and piloted me across the stage, which was no easy task, for there was a fearful scurrying to and fro, and twice I was nearly killed—once a collision with the exterior of Macbeth's Castle and once by contact with a stalwart torchbearer. I escaped all physical dangers, when I was startled by the sudden apparition which turned me green with fear, and set the blood a-curdling in my veins. I saw two supers, who were carrying what appeared in the dim light two mummified figures covered with long, greyish-drab hair. My frame quivered, and I felt for all the world like the good-looking young man in Mr. Rider Haggard's novel, Leo, when he was being led for the first time before "SHE who must be obeyed." When I asked what they were I was informed in a ghostly whisper that they were WITCHES. After crossing the stage I was taken up some steps, and along a passage, up more steps, and along another passage, turning sharp to the right, when I was ushered into the chamber of "SHE." Her ladyship was out at present, but I was received by one of her maids, who informed me that Lady Macbeth would be with me in moment. Whilst I was waiting I took the liberty of glancing with speculative eyes upon the little room in which the world-famous Ellen Terry attires herself for the play. All confusion with dresses and robes, and slippers strewn about the room. The first object that caught my eye was a little chair-couch, upon which I presume Miss Terry takes a brief respite from her labours. I suppose the room measures about twelve by eighteen feet. On the right as you enter—here is a very slight sketch of it—is a mantelpiece bearing a small mirror and several vases. In one corner is a small draped cupboard, and in another a small what-not covered with numerous trifles: and a high window draped with dark blue hangings occupies the fourth side of the room. In another corner stood a large dressing-table, surmounted by a lofty mirror placed at right angles with another of the same height, for purposes of making-up, for Miss Terry sits in the angle between them. There were numerous easy chairs in the room, in the easiest of which reposed Miss Terry's dog, a liver and white terrier. The floor, by the way, is carpeted with a carpet of artistic neutral tint, which harmonized well with the surroundings. As for the walls they are covered with green paper, with scrolls and flowers, and hung with numerous engravings and photographs. My musings were interrupted by a rustling of drapery, and a sweet, seductive voice murmured in my ear,

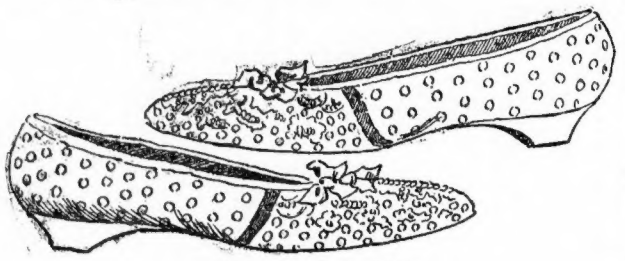


"I WAS TURNED GREEN WITH FEAR."

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

"ARE YOU THE SHOE MAN?"

I blushed, and admitted the soft impeachment. There before me was Lady Macbeth in the glorious robe of green beetle wings which clever Mrs. Comyns Carr has devised for her. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and almost the first words she said were, "Is not this a lovely robe? It is *so* easy, and one does not have to wear corsets." And "SHE" made a few delightfully graceful movements to show with what ease she could move. Personally I believe that Miss Terry would be graceful in a "straight jacket"—I mean those that madmen wear. "And now for the shoes," she exclaimed, running like a deer to the chest of drawers in which they were placed. "People think that I actually wear Mrs. Siddons's shoes, but of course I don't. I cherish them much too dearly for that, and only to think they were on the dear, dead lady's feet. A present from one actress to another." Here are the shoes, which are made of silver satin, bound and trimmed with red silk, adorned with gilt spangles and gold embroidery. As I sketched we discussed the lovely beetle-winged gown which is the talk of the town. It is built with a green woollen network, with peacock blue tinsel woven in, which sparkles in the light. "We found it was not green enough, although we put green silk underneath, so we added the beetle



MRS. SIDDONS'S SHOES.

wings to make it greener." "It is too bad of me to trouble you at such a time as this," I ventured to remark. "Oh, not at all. I like it. Now I must make myself paler; my face keeps getting too red," and Miss Terry sat down between the two glasses and began to powder her face. "No. This is not such an emotional part, and not at all fatiguing," she continued. "Murder does not come naturally to me," she laughed, "and I never played a part so difficult, for it is out of the beaten track. Now, I must be off. Come with me and I will get you a seat," and just outside the dressing-room door she suddenly turned and placed her finger on her lips with a "Sh-sh-sh—from this moment be dumb, and I will pilot you across."

When all was over I went back to finish my work in the dressing-room, and I may tell you of a joke which Lady Macbeth made. It came about in this wise. I had put my silk hat on the couch, and when Miss Terry came in she threw her heavy cloak over it, and I heard something go. She dragged the cloak away nervously, and when my poor hat came to view exclaimed, with a woebegone air, "There—you see what a magician I am. I have turned it into a *crush* hat." This royal robe, by the way, is of old gold satin, and embossed with gold braid and jewels, and weighs about thirty pounds. Miss Terry wears it about thirty minutes.

THE TZAREWITCH AND THE PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE

The Berlin *Post* hears that the betrothal of the Princess Alice of Hesse the youngest daughter of the Grand Duke, and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, to the Tzarewitch, is to be proclaimed during the stay of the Grand Duke and his daughter in St. Petersburg, at Easter.

NOTES ON "THE OLD MASTERS."

II.—ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND DUTCH.

As we remarked in our first notice on Monday, visitors to "The Old Masters" will do well this year to pay several visits, concentrating their attention on each occasion to distinct groups of pictures. Each of the groups dealt with in the present article would afford ample material for a morning's study, but the limits of our space compel us to dismiss these old English, Dutch, and French pictures very briefly, reserving some notice of the Holl Memorial Collection for a third and concluding article.

TURNER IN RHINELAND.

We now begin with the "Water-colour Room," which is once more filled with Turners; and what a tribute it is, by the way, to Turner's extraordinary industry that year after year the Academy should be able to get together extensive collections of his drawings, though so many hundreds of them are already permanently deposited in public galleries! This year's show is of exceptional interest; for besides twenty-two miscellaneous drawings—many of great beauty and brilliancy—there is the series of fifty-one Rhine sketches which Turner made during a fortnight's tour, and which Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, has allowed to be framed with a view to their present exhibition. The history of this famous series is interesting. They were done during a flying visit to the Rhine. Turner was only absent from England three weeks, which, considering the slow rate of travelling, would leave about a fortnight's time for sketching. Consequently he must have done them at the rate of about four a day! On his return he went straight to Farnley with the drawings rolled up (as was his wont) and stuffed into the pocket of his overcoat. Mr. Fawkes bought them on the spot for £500, and Turner was so delighted with his bargain that he volunteered to mount them. The next morning he made a raid upon the little town of Otley, and, having furnished himself with materials, stuck each drawing upon cardboard with four wafers! Many of the series (adds Mr. Byles in his interesting account of Farnley Hall, from which we are quoting) are done upon paper which he coloured to his mind by laying it in tinted solutions. This fell in with his habit of putting in the high lights by scratching. Interesting for their history and for the evidence they afford of Turner's rapid work, these sketches are further important for the effect they had on the general course of his art. The Rhine tour was made in 1819—exactly at the time, that is to say, which has always been fixed as marking the change from his earlier to his later manner—from his canvases in drab to those in scarlet and gold. The significance of the Rhine sketches, as leading to this turning point in his artistic career, has been pointed out by Mr. Ruskin in a passage which many readers will doubtless re-read with interest, now that they have the rare opportunity of studying the sketches themselves:—

> Every one of these sketches is the almost instantaneous record of an *effect* of colour or atmosphere, taken strictly from nature, the drawing and the details of every subject being comparatively subordinate, and the colour nearly as principal as the light and shade had been before—certainly the leading feature, though the light and shade are always exquisitely harmonized with it. And naturally, as the colour becomes the leading object, those times of day are chosen in which it is most lovely; and whereas before at least five out of six of Turner's drawings represented ordinary daylight, we now find his attention directed constantly to the evening; and, for the first time, we have those rosy lights upon the hills, those gorgeous falls of sun through flaming heavens, those solemn twilights, with the blue moon rising as the western sky grows dim, which have ever since been the themes of his mightiest thoughts. I have no doubt that the *immediate* reason of this change was the impression made upon him by the colours of the Continental skies. . . . The first sunset which he saw on the Rhine taught him that all previous landscape was vain and valueless, that in comparison with natural colour the things that had been called paintings were mere ink and charcoal, and that all precedent and authority must be cast away at once. . . . The waves of the Rhine swept them away for ever, and a new dawn rose over the rocks of the Siebengebirge.

The collection of water-colours opposite to these Rhine sketches enables the visitor—with the help of the catalogue, which gives the dates of all the drawings—to trace out the change above described for himself. The same thing may be seen—though less completely—in the oil paintings. In Room III. there is one of Turner's earliest Swiss pictures—the view of Mont Blanc from Bonneville, in Savoy (173). It belongs to the same period as the "Garden of the Hesperides" in the National Gallery, and closely resembles it in general appearance—"grand in its sobriety," but with none of that brilliancy of colour or transparency of aerial effect which marked the artist's culminating powers. Similarly, among the sea pictures, "The Wave" (181) is black and uninteresting. The "Van Tromp's Shallop" (18) —exhibited in 1832 (the year of "The Landing of William III." in the National Gallery)—is finer, but is still simple and subdued. Very different, and essentially Turneresque, are the "Quillebœuf" (49)—with a stormy sky lit up by the setting sun, whilst the waves rise vertically in their rebound against one another—and the view of "Venice" (141)—with its "white flashing fulness of dazzling light which the waters drink and the clouds breathe," and its sky "a visible infinity, liquid, measureless, unfathomable."

A MASTERPIECE BY CONSTABLE.

There was no greater admirer of Turner in his Turneresque style than a painter who resembled him in nothing but his sincere love for his art—namely, Constable. "Turner has some golden visions in the Academy," he wrote to his friend Fisher, "glorious and beautiful; they are only visions, but still they are art, and one could live and die with such pictures." "Turner has outdone himself," he says on another occasion, "he seems to paint with tinted steam, so evanescent and so airy." Nothing could be less like "tinted steam" than the touch displayed in Constable's own "Water Mill" (147), which is not dated, but which would seem to belong to his earlier time. Very different is the magnificent "View on the Stow, near Dedham" (177), which hangs in the centre of one of the walls in the large third gallery. This is dated 1822, and is among the noblest of all the artist's representations of his favourite scene. "I never worked so hard before," says Constable himself in announcing the completion of the picture to Fisher; "I do not know that it is better than my others, but perhaps fewer vulgar objections can be made to it. I have endeavoured to paint with more delicacy. A large picture, and if possible, a good one was necessary this year. I hope, indeed I really believe, I have never yet done anything so good. My conscience acquits me of any neglect. I have dismissed it with great calmness and ease of mind." The painter's good conscience was at the time his only reward, for the picture returned from the exhibition unsold. Two years later, however, it was sold to a French dealer, with "The Hay Wain," now in the National Gallery, and exhibited in the Paris Salon, where it created no small stir. "Beware," said the French critics, "of this Englishman's pictures; they will be the ruin of our school." And so they were, in a sense not intended by the critics. They were the ruin of the old classical and conventional school; and the foundation of the modern school of French landscape.

JAN STEEN AND THE RELIGION OF JOVIALITY.

Having now noticed the English landscapes scattered in various rooms, we may return to Room II., where a collection of Dutch pictures will first be found. These need not detain us long, for there is nothing of special interest —nothing, that is, which the lover of pictures has here a unique opportunity of studying. He may see better *genre* pictures than those exhibited in Room II. any day he likes in the National Gallery. The only exception is Jan Steen—a master who is badly represented there, but of whose work there are here some characteristic specimens. There is much humour in his "Grace before Meat" (69), where the mother is teaching her little girl to say grace, whilst behind her back a greedy boy smiles and "chortles" to see the dish of vegetables brought in. Very characteristic, too, is the painter's portrait of himself (77)—a splendidly jovial fellow, playing and singing to himself—the great Protestant, as Heine called him, against the religion of sorrow. But all the Dutch painters were not of this happy-go-lucky character, as one sees from the very interesting portrait of William Van de Velde by Michael van Musscher (134)—the portrait of a studious man, surrounded by plans and sketches as a writer might be by his books of reference.

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT-PICTURES.

What, however, lends distinction to this year's Old Masters, so far as the Dutchmen go, is the magnificent collection of twenty Rembrandts, lent mostly by the Queen (from Buckingham Palace) and by Sir Richard Wallace. The dated pictures range from 1632 to 1658 (a magnificent portrait of himself in a Jewish dress). There is at least one other portrait of himself (1840). There are two others in the National Gallery; and the total number of portraits of himself is given as fifty. One sees from these numerous studies, as has been well said, "with what zeal he set himself to master every form of expression, now grave, now gay, at one time with a smile, at another with a frown—how thoroughly he learns to model the human face, not from the outside, but from the inner in man. Another characteristic of Rembrandt's art—of much interest in connection with recent discussions on portraiture—may be seen from the very fine "Shipbuilder and his Wife" (167). It is a family portrait, but Rembrandt invests it with life by making the shipbuilder look up from his work with a sense of interruption at the approach of his wife. It was thus that he gave permanent interest to portraits by converting them into pictures. Similar instances from other great masters of the art will occur to every one. There is Mr. Furniss's favourite, for example—the Moroni in the National Gallery, in which the artist has caught and immortalized the Tailor as he is standing back for a minute from his work to calculate the effect of his next cut. It is interesting to contrast, on the other hand, the portraits pure and simple of Frank Holl in the adjoining rooms.

"A PRINCE OF COURT PAINTERS."

Meanwhile we return to Room II., where there is yet another unique opportunity for the picture-lover in a large collection of Watteaus—a painter not represented in the National Gallery—an opportunity which Mr. Pater's acute and delicate study of this "Prince of Court Painters," in his *Imaginary Portraits*, enables the student to turn to excellent effect. One notices first as a general impression that the pictures are not for the most part in good condition. Watteau, a sick man in a hurry, had not the patience of the Dutch masters: "will hardly make any preparation for his work at all, or even clean his palette, in the dead-set he makes at improvisation. 'Tis the contrast perhaps between the staid Dutch genius and the petulant, sparkling French temper of this new era, into which he has thrown himself." "It is pleasanter to him," adds Mr. Pater, "to sketch and plan than to paint and finish;" and of this one may see a striking instance in the superiority of the smaller and slighter pieces to the more elaborate versions of the same subject. In the case of the two Garden Parties (91 and 93), it is quite curious to see how much more harmonious and pleasant is the smaller than the larger version. But in all alike there is much to charm:—

> Half in masquerade, playing the drawing-room or garden comedy of life these persons have upon them, not less than the landscape he composes, and among the accidents of which they group themselves with such a perfect fittingness, a certain light we should seek for in vain upon anything real. For their framework they have around them a veritable architecture—a tree architecture—of which those moss-gross balusters, *termes*, statues, fountains, are really but accessories. Only as I gaze upon those windless afternoons I find myself always saying to myself involuntarily, "The evening will be a wet one." The storm is always brooding through the mossy splendour of the trees.

It is this impression of impending storm which lends such pathos as they have to these groups by Watteau of ladies lolling under trees, embracing their lovers or fondling their pet dogs. Watteau—the mason's boy—saw these things "through the closed gateways of the enchanted garden," and they satisfied his physical want for the graces of life. Yet when he came to see them closer, and to deal with them as materials for art, he partly despised them, and there is in most of his work "the essential melancholy of his comedian." There is, however, an exception to be made. When he is painting "those patched and powdered ladies and fine cavaliers," he is partly laughing *at* them; when he paints the mirth or innocence of little children, he is wholly laughing *with* them. How charming, for instance, is the "Heureux Age" (86), with the little boy sitting in plump complacency on the wall with the little girls around him. This is, indeed, the happy age; that other age—the age of pastoral indolence and elegant luxury—was happy only because, or if, it knew not how soon its doom was to come.

HISTORY AS SHE IS PAINTED.

The history of nations as unconsciously painted in their pictures is a fascinating theme. We have no space to pursue it here. But any visitor who now passes from the Watteau pictures to those of Reynolds and Gainsborough in Room III. cannot fail to be struck by an historical, no less than by an artistic, contrast. Watteau and his successor Lannet were the Court painters of the *ancien régime*. Reynolds and Gainsborough were the Court painters of our old nobility. It is not surely an unwarranted bias of patriotism that sees in the more stately bearing and more natural life depicted by the English painters one reason why the course of English history has marched to a more measured tread. Between the grace of Watteau and the grace of Reynolds how wide a gap! there is the French Revolution between them.

"ABOARD A BRITISH PRIVATEER."

"LIFE aboard a British Privateer in the Time of Queen Anne." (Chapman and Hall.) Mr. Robert C. Leslie deserves much credit for his book of extracts from Captain Rogers's journal and the cuts with which it is illustrated, and his little volume might well have a place in all our floating libraries; as to which it may be remarked that considering the large proportion of our population which lives on the ocean very little advantage has been as yet taken of the records of ancient voyages with a view to the instruction and amusement of modern seafarers. By the present journal of a voyage round the world by two small Bristol frigates at the beginning of the last century, the reader is introduced in an agreeable manner to the art and mystery of privateering. The economy of the ships is exposed to view, it being stated, among other things, that previous to the introduction of chain cables quite a fourth part of the hold was occupied by the "cable room," so that when one considers the space the cables filled, the care required to keep them from chafing when in use, and from rotting when stowed away, it is astonishing that ships returned from long cruises with any cables at all. How Captain Rogers navigated the vessels and took his observations with rude instruments, how pleased he was at any opportunity to give his ship a good list and clean and tallow the bottom "five streaks below the water-line," how he quelled mutinies, and armed negro slaves as naval Sepoys, how he captured the Manilla ship, and was desperately wounded, "I being shot through the left cheek, the bullet striking away great part of my upper jaw, and several teeth, which dropped down on the deck where I fell"—all these things are told, mainly in the language of the gallant Captain from the time the ships left Bristol, in 1708, to their arrival at the Texel, with a Dutch convoy from the Cape in July, 1711. One comical episode took place at Angre de Reys, in Brazil, on the outward voyage:—

> Here we waited on the Governor, Signior Raphael de Silva Lagos, in a body, being ten of us, with two trumpets and a hautboy, which he desired might play us to church, where our music did the office of an organ, but separate from the singing, which was by the fathers well performed. Our music played "Hey, Boys, up go we!" and all manner of noisy paltry tunes. And after service our musicians, who were by that time more than half drunk, marched at the head of the company; next to them an old Father and two Fryars carrying lamps of incense, then an image dressed with flowers and wax candles, then about forty priests, &c., followed by the Governor of the town, myself, and Captain Courtney, with each of us a long wax candle lighted; the ceremony held about two hours.

This extraordinary religious ceremony or "entertainment," as the captain calls it, was followed by a banquet, and the day after, before sailing, Rogers in return feasted the Governor and Fathers on board his vessel, "when," he says, "they were very merry, and in their cups proposed the Pope's health to us. But we were quits with 'em, by toasting the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to keep up the humour we also proposed William Pen's health, and they liked the liquor so well that they refused neither." The Governor, Fathers, and Friars made a night of it on board the frigates, not being landed till next morning, "when we saluted 'em with a huzza from each ship." One great feat of Captain Rogers's voyage was picking up Alexander Selkirk on the Island of Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America, and thus making possible Robinson Crusoe. Mr. Selkirk, as he is styled, gave a most interesting account of himself, which is repeated at length in the journal. He made an excellent impression on the Captain, who appointed him mate on his own ship, and nicknamed him the "Governor," though, as he says, "we might as well have named him *absolute Monarch* of the island." Mr. Selkirk subsequently got command of one of the prizes.

NOTICES.

Announcements of BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, *and* DEATHS *are inserted for* 5*s. each. The* PALL MALL GAZETTE *is sent post free for any number of days to any address in the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and all countries in the Postal Union, at the rate of ninepence per week, or* 9*s. 6d. per quarter. The* PALL MALL BUDGET, *also post free, costs for the United Kingdom* 9*s. 11d. per quarter; for all countries in the Postal Union* 5*s. 2d. per quarter; for India and China* 6*s. per quarter. Apply to the Manager,* PALL MALL GAZETTE, 2, NORTHUMBERLAND-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.
Lessee, Mr. W. FREEMAN THOMAS.
HENGLER'S GRAND CIRCUS COMPANY.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 7.30.
Prices of Admission:—Gallery, 6*d.*; Amphitheatre, 1*s.*; Pit and Promenade, 2*s.*; Stage Stalls, 3*s.*; First Circle, 3*s.*; Grand Circle, 4*s.*; Stalls, 5*s.*; Boxes from 10*s. 6d.* to £3 3*s.* Early doors open at One o'clock and 6.30 (entrance, Hart-street) to Pit and Promenade, Amphitheatre and Gallery 6*d.* Extra. Box-office open daily, from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. E. Hall. No charge for booking. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. WALTER GOOCH. Musical Director, Mr. GEORGE CLEMMENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE – CHILDREN HALF-PRICE to MORNING and EVENING PERFORMANCES to all parts of the House (except Gallery) on payment at the doors, or seats can be secured in advance at the Box-office and all Libraries.—HENGLER'S CIRCUS, THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Miss GRACE HAWTHORNE. Manager, Mr. W. W. KELLY.—ENORMOUS SUCCESS of HANDS ACROSS THE SEA (free list entirely suspended). Messrs. Henry Neville, Robert Pateman, E. W. Garden, W. L. Abingdon, Julian Cross, A. Bucklaw, E. Gurney, Morell, Grace, Dalziell; Misses Webster, Barnard, Vicetelly, and Mary Rorke. A HAPPY PAIR, at 7.30. Seats at the Box-office (Mr. A. Frye), 10 till 5, and the Libraries.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MATINEES of "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA" EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. A gigantic success. Doors open at 2 o'clock. Free list entirely suspended.

COMEDY THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, and special cast. Preceded, at 8, by FENNEL, by J. K. JEROME.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS.—MATINEE TO-MORROW (Saturday), at 3 o'clock. COMEDY THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.—CINDERELLA. Written by HORACE LENNARD. Produced under direction of OSCAR BARRETT. DAILY at 3, and THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS at 7.30. Seats from 1*s.* to 5*s.*

CRYSTAL PALACE PANTOMIME.—CINDERELLA, DAILY at 3.0, and THURSDAY and SATURDAY EVENINGS, at 7.30.—The powerful company includes—Messrs. Edward Righton, Clarence J. Hague, and John D'Auban; Mesdames Susie Vaughan, Emma D'Auban, Mary Righton, Kate Vito, Amy Liddon, and Edith Bruce. Seats from 1*s.*

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PICTURE of the GREAT FALLS, original effects, by PHILIPPOTEAUX. Pleasant Lounge, Music, American Sweetmeat Store. Electric Light. Refreshments by Beguinot. Admission 1*s.* No fees. 10 to 10.—YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, St. James's Park Station.

ART GALLERY.
ROYAL HOUSE OF STUART.—EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS, MINIATURES, and PERSONAL RELICS connected with the ROYAL HOUSE of STUART. Under the Patronage of her Majesty the Queen.—Open daily from 10 till 7. Admission 1*s.* Season Tickets 5*s.*—NEW GALLERY, REGENT-STREET.

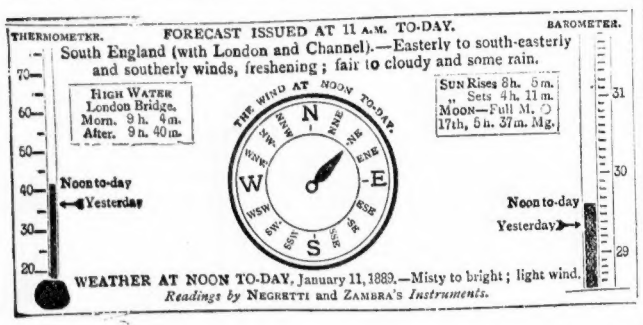
To-day and To-morrow.

TO-DAY.

Refrigeration and the Artificial Production of Cold, by Mr. G. A. Beck, Institute of Civil Engineers, 25, Great George-street, S.W., 7.30.
Astronomical Society, Burlington House, W., 8.
Clinical Society, 53, Berners-street, W., 8.30.
Quekett Microscopical Club, University College, W.C., 8.
"The Distinction between Classical and Shaksperian Plot," by R. G. Moulton—New Shakspere Society, University College, 8.
Uppingham School, Old Boys Dinner—Holborn Restaurant.
The Religion of India, by Rev. Thomas Child—St. James's Hall, 8.
County Council Meetings—North Islington: Messrs. W. E. Grigsby and W. C. Parkinson, Palmerston-road Lecture Hall, 8.30. Brixton: Lady Sandhurst and Captain Verney, 111, Denmark-hill, 8; Loughborough Park Chapel School-rooms, 8. East Marylebone: Messrs. F. Debenham and R. E. Farrant, Fitzroy Hall, 21, Little Portland-street, 8. Holborn: Mr. Walter Blott, Bloomsbury Hall, Hart-street, 8. South Kensington: Mr. Melladew, Kensington Town Hall, 8.30. Walworth: Mr. Marsland and Mr. W. Saunders, New Mission Hall, Surrey-square, 8.30. City of London: Messrs. R. L. Cohen, Shaw, and H. Clarke, Q.C., Infants School-room, Bishopsgate Churchyard, 4. Brownswood Park Division: W. O. Clough, Wesleyan School-room, Gillespie-road, 8. South St. Pancras: Mr. W. W. Bartlett, Percy Hall, Percy-street, Tottenham Court-road, 8.30. North Kensington: Mr. F. C. Frye, West London Tabernacle, Mr. Edmund Routledge in the chair 8.30. West Islington: Mr. D. H. Macfarlane, Methodist Chapel, Winchester-street, 8.30 Wapping: Mr. R. S. Sly, Vestry Hall, Cable-street, 7.30; Bow and Bromley: Miss Jane Cobden, United Free Methodist School, Bruce-road, Bromley, 8.30; West Southwark: Messrs Haggis and Rhodes, Lecture Hall, Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, 8.
"Co-operative Life"—Mr. M. E. Sadler on the "Theory of Association," Working Men's College Great Ormond-street, 8.30.
Home District Tactical and War Game Society, Westminster Town Hall, 5.
"Elementary Tactics," by Captain Ricardo—Metropolitan Volunteer Sergeants' Tactical Association, Royal United Service Institution, 8.30.
Borough-road Training College—Annual Gathering, Mr. Mundella in the chair, at 7.
Metropolitan Board of Works, Spring-gardens, 12.
Companies' Meetings.—Sheba Gold, Winchester House, 2; New Zealand River Plate Bank, Cannon-street Hotel, 12; Central Uruguay, Cannon-street Hotel, 12; Sovereign Life Assurance Society, Cannon-street Hotel, 1.30.
Coursing—Haydock Park.
Hunting Appointments: Foxhounds—Old Berkshire, Bradbury Hill, 11.30; South Berks, Compton, 11; Crawley and Horsham, Lion's Corner Gate, 11.45; Essex and Suffolk, Offton Chalk Pits, 11; Hertfordshire, Bower Heath, 11; East Kent, Sibton Gate, 11; West Kent, Farleigh Gate, 11.

TO-MORROW.

Royal Botanical Society, Inner Circle, Regent's Park, Election of Fellows, 3.45.
Socialist Co-operative Federation (Limited), Socialist League, 13, Farringdon-street, 8.
South London School of Elocution and Dramatic Art—Cinderella.
Kildare Bicycle and Tricycle Club Dance at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.
St. James's Hall—Popular Concerts, 3.
Metropolitan Asylums Board—Spring-gardens, 12.
St. Nicholas Cole Abbey Cinderella Dance—Anderton's Hotel, 6.
City College Science Society, Moorfields—Conversazione, 8.
"The History of Mediæval Florence," by Oscar Browning, Toynbee Hall, 8
"Westminster Abbey," by the Dean of Westminster, Toynbee Hall, 4.30
Working's Men's Concert—Evening Concert and Conversazione, 7.30 to 11.30.


THERMOMETER.
FORECAST ISSUED AT 11 A.M. TO-DAY.
BAROMETER.
South England (with London and Channel).—Easterly to south-easterly and southerly winds, freshening; fair to cloudy and some rain.
HIGH WATER London Bridge. Morn. 9 h. 4 m. After. 9 h. 40 m.
THE WIND AT NOON TO-DAY.
SUN Rises 8h. 5m. ,, Sets 4h. 11 m.
MOON—Full M. ☽ 17th, 5 h. 37 m. Mg.
Noon to-day
Yesterday
Noon to-day
Yesterday
WEATHER AT NOON TO-DAY, January 11, 1889.—Misty to bright; light wind.
Readings by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA'S Instruments.

THE SERVICES OF THE LATE HON. C. KEITH-FALCONER.

The death of Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer gives to the Prime Minister, and probably in this case, Mr W. H. Smith, a little piece of very desirable patronage, for the Commissionerships of Inland Revenue are worth £1,200 per annum, and by long tradition have been held to be the special appanage of Prime Ministers' private secretaries and of party managers. A new generation has sprung up since Mr. Keith-Falconer reigned supreme at the central office of the Conservative party, but there are many now living who well remember his presence and almost priceless labours in that office. The election of 1874 was the greatest success which the party had met with in a generation, and only those who were behind the scenes knew how much of that success was due to his untiring devotion and his capacity for work. I well remember how much the then Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli, recognized this in the letter in which he conveyed to Major Keith-Falconer the offer of the position at Somerset House. It was, as Mr. Disraeli then said, a loss to the party, but it was a public promotion well deserved, and one which has proved of no little advantage to the public, for the same untiring devotion and capacity for work which had been given to the Conservative party was now transferred to the nation at large. Of course Major Keith-Falconer gave up any active participation in politics when he became a public servant, but he was still able to serve his party in a special way.—London Correspondent *Nottingham Guardian.*

FOURTH EDITION.

BAD NEWS FROM THE AFRICAN MISSION FIELD.

MISSIONARIES PLUNDERED AND EXPELLED.

The secretary to the Church Missionary Society received this morning the following telegram from Zanzibar:—"Missionaries plundered. Expelled Buganda. Arrived Usambiro." "Thank God!" exclaims Mr. Fred Wigram, the hon. secretary, "it implies their safety."

The Church Missionary Society's stations in the Victoria Nyanza have until now been free from the unrest which has troubled East Africa since the German invasion.

Yesterday Mr. Asher, a missionary who has just returned from Uganda, called at this office, and discussed the affairs of the district at some length. He had come down from Uganda to the coast and had not found any trace of tribal disturbance until he was within two hundred miles of the sea.

From this it would seem that the hostility against Europeans, which has been set on foot by German aggression, has spread inland, and we may now fear for great trouble in connection with all our mission stations in the interior of Africa. The Uganda missions are under the charge of the Church Mission Society, the Universities Mission terminating the range of its operations to the south of the Uganda region.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

THE DATE AT LAST.

"NOT NEW" MEANS NOV. 15, 1888!

The *Tablet* says:—"Our correspondent in Rome has been directed to ascertain the precise date of the letter which Mr. Gladstone explained was 'not new.' He at once telegraphed both to Mr. Gladstone and to the Marquis de Riso. From Mr. Gladstone he received the following reply:—

"'Riso knows; text as published untrustworthy.

"Signor de Riso wired as follows:—

"Gladstone's letter published in No. 294 E' *Osservatore Romano* [is dated] November 15th [from] London:—

"Gladstone, the welcome and illustrious guest of Naples, writes to me December 28th, full of enthusiastic wishes for the welfare of Italy; he wishes to maintain a great reserve and to live in peace.

"I, reverencing his desire, and respecting the statesman who loves peace, justice, and liberty, applaud him in everything, crying 'Peace, peace, peace.'

IPPOLITO MARQUIS DE RISO."

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE CENSURED.

A RESOLUTION FROM THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

At the quarterly meeting of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons, held last evening, cognizance was taken of what that august body considers a breach of professional etiquette on the part of Sir Morell Mackenzie in publishing his book "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." Although attempts were made at one time to shelve this matter, the movement was persisted in, and Sir Morell was cited to appear before the council yesterday afternoon to answer the charge. Sir Morell, however, apparently treated the citation as he considered it deserved, for he failed to put in an appearance.

The council thereupon proceeded to the consideration of the motion, which was brought forward by the Senior Vice-President, and resolved that the following letter be forwarded to him:—

The attention of the council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England has been called to a volume published by Sir Morell Mackenzie, which bears the title "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble," and the council consider it to be their duty to express their deep regret that any member of the college should have allowed himself to publish in such a manner the charges that are therein made against distinguished surgeons who were his colleagues in the case. The council have not sufficient means of forming a conclusive judgment on the facts which are in dispute, but in their opinion no provocation, such as Sir Morell Mackenzie alleges, can justify this publication or the language employed in it.

There were 21 votes for this resolution, and 2 against it; one did not vote.

Among the members who were present were, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir James Paget, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Lund, Sir W. MacCormac, Mr. Macnamara, Mr. Cadge, Mr. Durham, and the President and Vice-Presidents.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK'S VISIT TO LONDON.

SHE REACHES BUCKINGHAM PALACE THIS AFTERNOON.

The Royal special conveying her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick with the Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia and suite, left Portsmouth at eleven o'clock this forenoon for Victoria. Mr. Allen Sarle, the general manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, received the Empress at Portsmouth Harbour station, and is in charge of the Royal special.

The train arrived at Victoria at one o'clock, and her Imperial Majesty at once drove to Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty was received at Portsmouth with a Royal salute, and masthead flags were hoisted. The Empress drove from the dockyard to the harbour railway station, and the crowd who thronged the thoroughfare greeted her Majesty respectfully. General Gardiner, as representative of the Queen, accompanied the Royal travellers to the railway station.

THE "NITRATE KING" DOES NOT SEEK PARLIAMENTARY DISTINCTION.

The Leeds *Daily News* is authorized by Colonel North to state, with reference to recent reports, that he has at present no intention of entering Parliament.

MR. EDMUND YATES ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Mr. Edmund Yates writes to us in relation to a remark in our report of the meeting in support of Mr. Augustus Harris's candidature for the County Council:—

"2, Eaton-gardens, West Brighton, January 10, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—The *Pall Mall* is a little wrong to-night. I did *not* refer to any MS. in my speech at Harris's meeting last night, for the best of reasons—that I had no MS. to refer to. A man who cannot speak for five minutes without notes had in my opinion better not attempt to speak at all. I certainly read the resolution which was to be proposed and seconded, which possibly misled the reporter.—Faithfully yours, EDMUND YATES."

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH ASKS FOR £60,000.

Telegraphing from New York yesterday the *Liverpool Post* correspondent says:—In the Surrogate's Court, this morning, counsel applied on behalf of the present Duchess of Marlborough for a further grant of £60,000 out of the capital moneys of her late husband's (Mr. Hammersley's) estate, in which she enjoys only a life interest. Counsel explained that the money was required by the duchess to purchase a house in London, and for other purposes necessary to enable her to maintain befittingly her exalted position in London society. The court withheld its decision.

LORD LONSDALE'S NORTH POLE JOURNEY.

I hear, writes the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, that Lord Lonsdale's friends are uneasy as to the result of his journey in the direction of the North Pole. It is feared that he will go so far that he will be unable either to find his way back or to maintain himself till relief can be sent.

THE TERRIBLE TORNADO IN AMERICA.

A SHOCKING STORY OF DISASTER AND DEATH

NIAGARA BRIDGE BLOWN DOWN.

Details are now to hand of the great loss of life and the extraordinary damage caused by the terrific tornado on Wednesday at Reading, in Pennsylvania. It came upon the town, the *Daily News* correspondent says, almost without warning, and in a few seconds unroofed and threw down buildings, killing and wounding hundreds of people.

HOW THE STORM CAME.

It had rained in the morning, but towards four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds broke and the sun appeared, causing a beautiful rainbow; then the scene changed with a suddenness that was appalling. Fleecy clouds gave way to ominous signs of a coming storm. Dark heavy banks of clouds marshalled themselves in the foreground, and gloom seemed to have settled over the city. The wind whistled, howled, and tore in mad confusion. The storm clouds grew heavier still, and louder roared the wind. In the western sky a hurricane was seen approaching, and announced itself with a thundering noise. The path it cut was narrow but the effect terrible.

COLLAPSED LIKE A TOY HOUSE.

Fortunately it did not pass through the town of Reading, but only across its outskirts, composed mainly of factories and railway buildings. It tore off the corner of one factory, lifted heavy railway coaches from the rails, and carried them for some distance through the air, smashing them to splinters when they reached the ground. As it advanced it brought with it torrents of rain and a darkness as of midnight. After overturning several buildings and tearing off their roofs it reached the Reading Silk Mill, one of the chief industrial buildings of the city, a large strongly-built brick structure four stories high. It was surmounted by a massive tower a hundred feet high, and contained from 200 to 300 operatives, mostly girls. The tornado struck the building full in the centre on the broadest side. The huge mass first trembled for a second and then collapsed like a child's toy-house, carrying all the inmates with it.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

Words cannot depict the scene that followed. The walls gave way, and the floors fell down one on top of the other, and their heavy burden of human beings was hurled with them to the bottom. The bricks were piled up in the greatest confusion, while amid the hurricane and the shrieking of the wind terrible cries for succour rent the air. Girls with blackened faces, bruised and broken limbs, their clothing tattered and torn, dragged themselves from the ruins. Probably seventy-five to one hundred escaped or were pulled out by their friends. These of course worked on the upper floors and were near the top of the ruins. In some places the bricks were piled twenty feet deep, and underneath were lying human bodies by the score. When the people began to gather to aid the victims very little could be seen in the rain and darkness. Suddenly a faint flame arose in one corner of the wrecked building, which illumined the ruins just sufficient to show a spectacle which once seen, could never be forgotten. Above the noise of the falling rain, the clatter of footfalls on the pavement, and the horror-stricken murmurs of the excited people who crowded round were heard the agonizing shrieks of the entombed victims.

A CHORUS OF WOE AND AGONY.

It was too dark to see, but brave men were eager and willing to work. Bonfires were first kindled, and then the labour of rescue began. By the glare of the bonfires, arms, legs, heads, and bodies could be seen protruding from the tangled mass of beams, sashes, and girders. Heartrending and pitiful cries combined in a chorus of woe and agony before which even strong men quailed, and some went away unable to endure it any longer because they could give no aid. Within an hour at least 5,000 people had collected around the remains of the building, including the full force of the fire department and the police, and the entire night was spent in seeking to recover the victims. The parents and friends who assembled were mad with grief, many kneeling and praying in their agony till they were forcibly removed by the police.

THE KILLED AND INJURED.

Between 250 and 300 operatives were in the building at the time of the catastrophe. It is thought that between 80 and 100 have been killed, and about 100 injured. It was the same storm that wrecked the buildings in Pittsburg, killing eight persons and injuring about forty others. Two men were killed and nine wounded at Seabulk, another Pennsylvania town, and considerable damage was done in other places.

NIAGARA BRIDGE DESTROYED.

The cyclone blew down the suspension bridge which crossed the Niagara river just below the Falls. The towers and cables are intact, but the bridge lies in the river bed. Several railway trains were wrecked in various parts of the country. Following on the gales, heavy snows have fallen in Wisconsin and Michigan, blocking the railways. The telegraphs are interrupted.

MR. GENT-DAVIS RELEASED.

MR. JUSTICE NORTH ON CONTEMPT OF COURT.

Upon Mr. Justice North's court resuming its sittings to-day after the Christmas recess, Mr. Crackenthorpe, Q.C., renewed his application for the release of Mr. Gent-Davis from Wandsworth Gaol, where he has been detained for about six weeks for contempt of court.

Mr. Crackenthorpe said Mr. Davis had already paid all the costs of the proceedings except the present application.

Mr. Rowden, who appeared for the widow, stated that there was no wish on the part of his client to proceed harshly against Mr. Gent-Davis, and he would simply leave the matter in the hands of the court.

Mr. Justice North, speaking in solemn tones, first referred to the circumstances which led to the committal of Mr. Davis, which were that he had not as receiver paid certain money ordered to be paid by the court, and then said that, fortunatelyf or Mr. Gent-Davis, this proceeding had not taken the shape which would have necessitated his undergoing a much longer term of imprisonment, and the court was now prepared to at once order his release. His lordship added that he hoped the imprisonment Mr. Davis had suffered would be a lesson to him and to others occupying the same position, and would show them that the power of the court to punish them for contempt was summary and certain.

A SUGAR BROKER'S LOVE EPISODE.

An amusing breach of promise case has just been before the Court of Session, Edinburgh, and issues for trial by jury ordered. Annie Macfarlane, Glasgow, brings the action against Alexander Walter Hogg, sugar broker, of the same city, and the damages are set down at £5,000. The record states that the defendant is worth £100,000. He admits the breach of promise, and offers the young lady 500 guineas. Many letters have been put in, and one written from Glasgow by the defendant to his sweetheart styles her "Sandie's own dear Ruggie-duggie," and says he "has done nothing but think of his sweet Ann all day." In another, written on board his yacht *Cassandra*, off Douglas, Isle of Man, he writes:—"I got your sweet note yesterday, and only wished that you were near me that I could clasp you in my arms and whisper love into your ears." Later on, however, he drifted into "simple friendship," and making up his mind to break the engagement, wrote, "So please consider that from this time it is a thing of the past."

DR. HANNAY'S VISIT TO AUSTRALIA.

Intelligence just received from Australia speaks in glowing terms of the success with which the visit of the Rev. Dr. Hannay and Mr. Henry Lee has been attended. As evidence of the kindly feeling now subsisting between the Congregational Churches in England and Australia, it is stated that an Australian Missionary Society is about to be established and affiliated with the London Missionary Society.

MR. BARRETT'S RETURN TO HIS OLD HOUSE.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's arrangements for his short season at his old home the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford-street, are now complete. He has determined to open, on or about January 28, in "Hamlet," fortified in his opinion by the attraction it has proved everywhere during a long provincial tour. Shakspeare can only, however, be acted for twelve nights. At two matinées in each week—Wednesday and Saturday—"The Lady of Lyons" will be revived, and on or about Feb. 11 will be produced the new modern drama by Wilson Barrett and Hall Caine, called "The Good Old Times." A very flattering offer has been received by Mr. Barrett to appear in Paris as Hamlet, Claudian, and the hero of the "Ben My Chree." It is probable he will accept.

ANTI-MACHINERY RIOTS IN CHINA.

At Canton the introduction of machinery by certain native silk-goods manufacturers has led to serious riots, between their adherents, and those of the other firms employing hand-labour. Several hundreds of people were engaged in the riots, six or seven were killed and many injured.

THE BURGLARY AT MUSWELL HILL.

PRISONERS BEFORE THE MAGISTRATES.

At the Highgate police-court this morning, before Mr. W. P. Bodkin and Mr. S. Proctor Baptie, the three men who were arrested last night for being concerned in the burglary at Norton Lees, Muswell-hill, were brought up and charged. They are described on the charge-sheet as follows:—Charles Burdett, fifty-three, fish curer, of 4, Jacob-street, Boundary-street, Shoreditch; James Clarke, thirty-three, bootmaker, having no fixed abode; and George Smith, alias Peters, fifty-five, wood chopper, of 9, Park-street, Bethnal-green, were charged with being concerned with another man, not in custody, with breaking and entering Norton Lees, Muswell-hill-road, on Tuesday evening and stealing a purse, a 4*s.* piece, and other articles of the value of £2, the property of Henry Wright Atkin. They were further charged with shooting George Duckworth Atkin, with intent to murder, at the same time and place.

Mr. Atkin, senior, was present, and told the bench that his son George was in an exceedingly critical state, and Mr. Bodkin relieved him from giving evidence this morning that he might return to his son, and told him he should be at home all day in case it should be necessary to take his son's depositions.

Sannyer Atkin said: I am clerk in a stockbroker's office, and live at Norton Lees. On Tuesday evening between eight and ten minutes past I left the house with my father to attend a lecture, and when in the garden I happened to look back at the house, and saw that my sister's bedroom window was open. My father went back to the house, and I then saw a man at the window, and I called my father. Another man then came, and immediately they saw us they deliberately fired upon us. I could not recognize the men again. Two shots were fired from the window, but neither of us were hit. At the same time that these men were firing I saw another man come from one of the bushes in the garden. I ran after him; but he said, "Stand back, or I will blow your brains out," at the same time presenting a pistol at me. The man stood still, and I turned towards the other men. One of them ran along, and I struck him across the chest with my cane. They ran off and I followed towards the church, but one of them turned round and presented a pistol at me, but either it was not loaded or it missed fire. I continued to follow them, but they got over the hedge into a field. I knew it was no use for me to attack them alone, and I returned to the house. My mother told me my brother George had been shot. I went into the library and saw my brother. He was sitting down writing his will. I then saw that he had been shot. I ran for a doctor, and when I came back my brother was lying on the floor, but not insensible, although naturally exhausted.

Miss B. Atkin, sister of the last witness, deposed: On the evening of this occurrence my brother went out with my father, and in a moment or so my father knocked at the window. My sister ran past me, and I ran out to the back of the house for my brother George. I had left my watch and purse and a few other things in my room, but I did not miss them all the same night. When I searched in the morning, I missed the whole of them. There were a four-shilling piece, a button-hook, and other things. The purse is of a peculiar make, like the one produced. This was handed to the Bench, and Mr. Bodkin remarked that it was certainly of a singular make. The button-hook produced was like the one stolen, but the witness added that she could not say it was the same. The framework of a purse produced was exactly like the frame of the stolen purse.

Detective-Sergeant Sewell said the button-hook produced and also the purse frame were found at Clarke's residence. The body of the purse had evidently been burnt, but the frame was practically indestructible. He added that he arrested the prisoner Clarke in a public-house at Shoreditch last night. On searching him at the station he found upon him a 4*s.* piece mounted as a brooch. Miss Atkin, recalled, said her 4*s.* piece was not mounted as a brooch. She could not say that the one produced was her 4*s.* piece. Detective Sewell, continuing, said he also found upon Clarke 6½*d.* in money and a gold signet ring. He asked him if he could account for the possession of the 4*s.* piece. Clarke replied that he took the 4*s.* piece in ordinary change and had it mounted on Monday. Witness asked him where he had it mounted, and he said "I shall not tell you." When asked for his name and address he refused to give it.

Clarke: That is not true. You will see in the charge sheet I said, "No fixed address."

Detective Benjamin Fordham said in company with other officers he went to a public-house in Boundary-street, Shoreditch, and there saw the three prisoners drinking and talking together. Witness arrested Burdett. He told him he would be charged with a lead larceny in Bristol and a lead larceny in London, and other charges. To this he replied, "Oh, very well." He gave his name, but refused to give his address. Witness found upon him 2*s.* in silver, 5½*d.* in bronze, and a pair of kid gloves; but nothing in connection with the burglary.

Detective Gilbert Small said he went with other officers to the public-house and arrested Smith, who refused to give his name and address. He simply said, "I shan't say nothing." On searching him witness found £3 in gold, 10*s.* in silver, and 5½*d.* in bronze. Cross-examined by Smith: You were sitting down at the time, and I did not see you speak to the other prisoners, or they to you.

Inspector Miller said that was as far as he could carry the case now. The prisoners were no doubt companions, and they were—or at least two of them were—very old thieves. There would be additional evidence on the next occasion.

The magistrates then remanded the prisoners.

The prisoner Clarke applied to have the money found upon him given up.

Mr. Bodkin: It is all right, and you will not want it till you come up again.

When the prisoners had been removed, Mr. Bodkin told the clerk that this was a case where the Treasury should prosecute, and they should certify to that effect.

THE LATEST BULLETIN.

The following report as to the condition of Mr. George Atkin was issued by Sir William MacCormac and two of his confrères this morning:—

"Mr. Atkin's condition this morning is reassuring. No unfavourable symptoms have so far arisen; and, although his state is critical, the fact that no inflammation has manifested itself, and that fifty-six hours have elapsed since the injury, gives reason to hope for a favourable issue."

LAST NIGHT AT THE LYRIC CLUB.

The Lyric Club scored another real success last night on the occasion of their first dramatic effort, which took the shape of a comedietta by Mr. Ralph E. Lumley, played by Miss Maude Millett, of Terry's Theatre, and Mr. Matthew Brodie. Mr. Lumley's comedietta, which has many smart hits at social eccentricities, and which is throughout written in a brilliant conversational vein, which should bring him fame in the future, was evidently appreciated, and it lost nothing in its interpretation. Miss Maude Millett and Mr. Matthew Brodie made a charming picture, dressed as they were with great artistic care as Romeo and Juliet (at a fancy ball), and the resource and variety which the actress demonstrated showed in how great a degree she has become a mistress of her art. Mr. Matthew Brodie looked remarkably handsome and spoke his lines in manner both easy and natural, and at the same time highly effective. The concert which preceded the comedietta was remarkable for the violin playing of Mr. Tivadar Nachez (accompanied by Herr Wilhelm Ganz), the singing of Miss Alice Gomez and Mr. Ernest Birch, and the exceptional humour of Mr. "Bob" Martin, of Killaloe fame. Owing to the winter season our representative missed some well known aristocratic supporters, but noticed Lord and Lady Londesborough, Lord and Lady Coleridge, Lady M. Donison, Sir George and Lady Ida Sitwell, and Lady Kitson. The electric light was at its very best, and did the "Grosvenor Gallery" great credit—but how is it that they cannot always supply it? By the way I saw Mr. Edward Terry taking a deep interest in Miss Millett's performance. This is as it should be: she does credit to his powers of selection.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE IN AN ARTIST'S CLUB.

According to the London correspondent of the *Nottingham Express*, particulars came out last night of a remarkable quarrel at an artistic club, between a very distinguished artist and a well-known painter. The latter, having a grievance, against the former, entered the drawing-room of the club at the witching hour of midnight, and, perceiving his enemy, addressed him, it is said, in words akin to those which Dr. Tanner recently applied to the Chief Secretary, and for which he was suspended. The distinguished artist is alleged to have replied by smacking the painters face twice and kicking him, after which he wrote to the committee a characteristic letter.

The Red Lion Hotel at Matlock was destroyed by fire this morning. Incendiarism is suspected to have been the cause of the outbreak.

Arrangements are being made for a conference of military officers at Aldershot upon the physical condition necessary in horses for army purposes.

There are signs of the Bimetallic League engaging in a vigorous movement among the agriculturists.

Mdme. Minnie Hauk will arrive in London from Switzerland to-morrow evening. She stays here a few hours, and then leaves for Southsea, where her provincial concert tour is to commence on Monday.

Lord Delamere, Lady Delamere, Lady Evelyn Morton, and the Hon. Miss Sybil Cholmondeley intend to proceed for a "tour round the world" in the Royal mail steamer *Arawa* (of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company's line), which leaves London on the 24th January.

LATEST DETAILS OF MR. SPURGEON'S ACCIDENT.

THE PREACHER AND PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

The *Baptist* says:—"It is reassuring to hear from a personal witness of the accident that there is really no cause for alarm. Mr. Passmore, who has returned to London, tells us that the fall did for the moment occasion considerable fright and fear for the result. It appears that, having conducted a service on Sunday week among visitors, Mr. Spurgeon repaired with a few friends to a furnished villa which had been placed at his disposal for an afternoon's rest. And it was in coming down the marble staircase (which, by-the-by, was carpeted) that having rested his stick outside the carpet edge, and upon the marble, it gave way beneath him, and he fell down some six steps. Although he sustained a considerable shock, as was evidenced by the fact that not only were his two front teeth shaken out, but the money in his pocket was thrown into his boots, he quickly recovered his spirits, and as he was lifted up pleasantly remarked, 'Painless dentistry.' The teeth, it seems, would in any case have had to be shortly replaced, like one or two of their predecessors, and there is no fear that Mr. Spurgeon's public delivery will be affected. A little later on it was found that the fall had affected his knees more than he had supposed, and he was compelled to take to his bed. There, thanks to the untiring attention of his companions and friends, he has gradually been recovering, until now the doctor is able to report in the language we have cited. Mr. Spurgeon entertains the hope of returning to his work at the end of the present month, unless, indeed, some wise counsellor intervenes to keep him in the sunny south for a while longer. Mrs. Spurgeon, we regret to hear, is still very unwell."

CONCERN FOR THE HEALTH OF BISHOP KING'S SOUL.

"Perhaps one ought not to make merry over so solemn a subject," writes the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*, "but one cannot possibly help laughing at the portentous document in virtue of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is enabled to cite before him his episcopal brother of Lincoln. It is such an awful waste of paper and ink. There are greetings which nobody will recognize, descriptions without purpose, and verbiage without meaning. For example, Dr. Benson, who probably thinks that Bishop King is as good a Bishop as there is in the English Church, is made by his lawyers to call Dr. King before him on Tuesday February 12, 'to answer truly to certain articles, heads, positions, or interrogatories to be objected and administered to him touching and concerning his soul's health and the lawful correction and reformation of his manners and excesses.' This concern for the health of the soul of Bishop King exhibited by an auctioneer, a solicitor, a foreman, and a gardener, who prefer the indictment, and would like to see the Bishop turned out of the Church, is eminently not mirth-provoking. The worst of it, however, is that one does not know whereunto the prosecution will lead. Are the auctioneer, the solicitor, the foreman, and the gardener ready to send the Bishop to prison?"

MURDEROUS ASSAULT UPON A WOMAN AT THE EAST END.

Last night a ship's steward named John Henry Guhee, thirty-seven, a native of Delhi, made a determined attempt to murder a woman named Rose Elizabeth Payne, of 7, Rich-street, Limehouse. A dispute having arisen between the couple as to money, Guhee struck the woman on the head with a poker, and afterwards pulled her head backwards and drew a razor across her throat. She was conveyed to the Poplar Hospital, and her death is hourly expected. Guhee will be charged with the offence to-day at the Thames police-court.

"LUNCHEON CARS" IN LONDON STREETS.

An enterprising purveyor of cheap food announces his intention of running a service of what he calls "luncheon cars" in the public thoroughfares of the metropolis. Each car is to carry about with it a cook, together with a cooking apparatus and a good supply of the necessary raw material; and to prevent the charge of obstruction, or anything of the kind, the public will be invited to enter the vehicles and to take their cheap luncheon *en route* so to speak.

AN "ODD 'BUS" DRIVER ON "CHIPPING."

"Well, all I know," said the driver of one of those omnibuses which are the detestation of all good "company's" men, and which they delight in calling "odd" because, perhaps, they are usually singular, being the one omnibus belonging to one, or at most two, men, "all I know is that we have to pay the washers a shilling a day, each of us. It is this way: at the end of every day the conductor pays the 'yard dues,' and then gives the driver seven shillings, that is his day's pay, with a shilling deducted for the washers. You see if we didn't give 'em that we shouldn't get clean horses nor clean 'busses, and what kind of business do you suppose we should do? Those men only get twenty-five shillings a week, and the tips they get from the drivers bring it up to something worth working for. Then our master is a decent fellow, and knows that he could be cheated every time if we liked, so he trusts the conductor altogether, and puts down five shillings a day for expenses. That is for a drink or a cup o' tea and all sorts of things that come up and which we must spend money upon, so the five shillings is expected to cover it, and is regularly put down. But as for tipping the yardmen and washers, it's all very well for the L.G.O.C. to try and prevent it, but if they don't pay the men better wages the drivers and conductors will have to make it up to them."

INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

A rude stone cist has been exhumed in Orphir, Kirkwall, inside of which was found a textile garment, supposed to be woollen, also an amber bead, and the nucleus of a glass one. This is supposed to be the first cist found in Scotland with a textile garment, supposed to be for covering the body, and the beads for ornamenting the covering. This burial place is thought to be anterior to the Norse invasion, about the eighth or ninth century.

THE NEW CONTRACT FOR "HANSARD."

The new contract for Hansard, of which a copy has just been issued is, writes the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, certainly a somewhat remarkable document. The contractors are Messrs. MacRae, Curtice, and Co. (Limited), the directors being Mr. Kegan Paul, Mr. A. P. Sinnet, Mr. H. Bottomley, and Sir Roper Lethbridge. They agree to prepare, print, and publish reports of proceedings and debates in both Houses in compliance with the conditions laid down by the Treasury. Among the conditions are that the contractors shall exercise their own discretion as to the fulness of the reports provided; that in no case shall any speech be reported at less than one-third of its length. They are to have representatives in attendance capable at all times of reporting in full when necessary. Subject to this condition, they may take the reports from such sources as they think convenient, which means that they are at liberty to cut speeches out of the London and provincial papers and publish them as the official Hansard. They are to issue two editions of the report—the first daily and the second in book form. All this the contractors, whose tender has been accepted, are to do without any subsidy from Parliament. It is said, continues the correspondent, that the contractors rely on the sale of the reports, but if this be true they will find themselves mistaken. It is to be hoped that the result of the new arrangement will not be the introduction of the sweating system into the Reporters' Gallery.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's new three-act comedy at the Vaudeville is now ready for representation, and will be produced at a special matinée on Monday next.

The Bishop of Manchester, who has been staying with his wife at Freshwater, paid a visit the other day to Lord Tennyson, who had expressed a desire to see him. Dr. Moorhouse found the poet weak in body but vigorous in mind, and, as he thinks, clear and acute as ever.

A painful incident caused considerable emotion at the Paris Bourse yesterday. An outside broker, named Bernot, who had for many years done business daily under the Peristyle, suddenly grew livid and dropped down dead.

The well-known business of Messrs. Stevens and Sons, publishers of law books, Chancery-lane, has been converted into a limited liability company, with a capital of £45,000. It is understood that the capital required has been privately subscribed.

The funeral of Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer will take place at Coolhurst, Horsham, to-morrow, at two o'clock, to suit the convenience of those leaving Victoria station by train at 11.35, and returning from Horsham to London at 3.24.

An exceptionally desperate prizefight took place at San Francisco at an early hour yesterday between George Mulholland, the lightweight champion of Australia, and Billy Mahon, the champion of the Pacific Coast. Both men fought with great determination, and were so evenly matched that at the end of the eighth round the referee, by general consent, declared the battle a draw.

Telegrams received from Gibraltar state that the Spanish training frigate *Carmen* had a narrow escape of becoming a total wreck, when about seventy miles from Gibraltar, in a violent gale. The engines broke down and one mast was lost. The latest information is that she has arrived safely in Algeciras, where she will be temporarily repaired before proceeding to Cadiz.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

HOME RAILWAYS DULL.—FOREIGN STOCKS BETTER.—AMERICANS FIRM.—METROPOLITAN RAILWAY DIVIDEND.

The discount rate in the open market is still quoted much the same as it was previous to the announcement of the reduction in the Bank rate, the general charge for discounting three months' bank paper being 2¼ to 2⅜ per cent. Short money, too, is worth about the same, being mostly obtainable at or about 2½ per cent. There is an opinion in many directions that rates are now about as low as they will go, and that the tendency in the near future will rather be in the upward direction. The market has still a considerable sum to repay to the Bank of England, and when these debts are liquidated it will probably not have more money than it knows what to do with. Then again the collections of revenue, which are always far heavier this quarter than any other quarter of the year, will from now to the end of March be gradually at first, and later on rapidly, reducing the supply of loanable capital, the Bank thereby gaining strength at the expense of the market.

There is little fresh to report with respect to the condition of the Stock Markets. The principal feature has been the announcement of the Metropolitan Railway dividend referred to below. This week, however, has had no influence on prices. Consols and other Home Government Funds are quieter than they have been for some time past, and are practically unaltered. In the Home Railway market there has been a little selling to secure profits after the recent considerable advance of North British Deferred and the price has given way a trifle, but Brighton Deferred is firm. Metropolitan stocks are steady. In the Foreign department Russian bonds continue to be bought, the price having now advanced to 101½, with only about six weeks' interest attached. Other European descriptions are generally a trifle higher, with the exception of Italian, which are dull. American Railroad securities are firmer, though there is not much improvement in the amount of business transacted. The result of yesterday's meeting of presidents has rather stimulated prices. Trunks are neglected but steady, and Mexican Railway issues have regained some of yesterday's sharp fall, which appears to have been due more than anything else to speculative selling.

The directors of the Metropolitan Railway Company recommend a dividend on the Ordinary stock for the past half year at the rate of 2¾ per cent. per annum, carrying forward about £21,700. The dividend upon the surplus lands stock will be at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum, the combined dividend being equal to 4 per cent. on the ordinary capital prior to the separation of the surplus lands from the railway. This distribution is the same as for the second half of 1887.

The meeting of the leading bankers and railway managers held in New York yesterday passed off successfully, and it was resolved to adopt a plan for the restoration and maintenance of full rates, which was drawn up by Mr. Adams, president of the Union Pacific Railway, and one of the ablest and most trusted men in America. An Inter-State Railway Association is to be formed to enforce the Inter-State Act, and all charges are to be regulated by a rate committee. No commissions are to be paid to influence the passenger business, and all disputes are to be settled by arbitration. The presidents of the Eastern Trunk lines have agreed to form a similar association. While the railway managers have thus come to terms, the bankers, through Mr. J. P. Morgan, of Drexel, Morgan, and Co., have undertaken that if they are represented on the executive committe they will agree not to negotiate, and to prevent if they can the negotiation of any securities for building parallel lines of railroad, or extensions of lines, which are not unanimously approved by the executive committee.

It is possible now to get a bid for shipping shares which it was not so very long ago. The prices obtained for a number which were sold this week at a northern port are however fifty per cent. and more under what they cost. This is in keeping with the quotations for the shares of shipping companies, which we gave the other day, as it shows that while the shipping market has improved, the old prosperity has not wholly returned.

The directors of the National Bank of New Zealand (Limited) have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the six months ended September last.

We are informed by the Secretary of the Yuruari Company that the produce from the mines, after payment of working expenses, leaves a profit of over 20 per cent. for the first six months upon the paid up capital of the company.

LIVERPOOL COTTON.—Market opened steady with a fair demand. Probable sales 10,000 bales or more. Prices on the spot are firm. Futures are steady at one point advance.

The following are the latest movements compared with last night:—

HOME RAILWAYS.—*Improved*: District ¼, and Chatham Ordinary, and Brighton Deferred ⅛. *Receded*: North British Deferred ⅜, Chatham Preference ¼, Hull and Barnsley, Caledonian, North Eastern ⅛.

FOREIGN STOCKS.—*Advanced*: Russian 1873 ⅝, Portuguese, Spanish, Greek 1881, and Egyptian State Domain ¼ each, Hungarian Gold, Mexican Convert, and Peruvian 1870 ⅛. *Declined*: Buenos Ayres Cedulas "I," ¼, and Italian ⅛.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.—*Risen*: Erie Second Mortgage ½, the shares ⅝, Louisville and Nashville, and Milwaukee and St. Paul ⅜, Central Pacific, New York Central Northern Pacific Preference, Union Pacific shares, and Wabash Preference ¼, Denver Ordinary, Atlantic Firsts, Norfolk and Western Preference, Ontario, Philadelphia and Reading, and Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary ⅛. *Fallen*: Wabash Mortgage ¼.

CANADIAN AND FOREIGN RAILWAYS.—*Improved*: Mexican First Preference and the Second Preference ¾, the Ordinary ½, and Grand Trunk First and Second Preferences ⅛. *Receded*: Lombardo-Venetian 1-16.

MINES AND MISCELLANEOUS.—*Improved*: Suez Canal ¼, Imperial Ottoman Bank 1-16, De Beers ⅛, and Rio Tinto 1-16. *Receded*: Primitiva Nitrate ½, and Hotchkiss ⅛.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Brighton A.....	132¾	¾	London and West.	69	70
Consols	100	¼	Chatham(Ordinary)	24½	¾	London Joint Stock	40	1
New Consols (2¾)	99	⅛	Do. Preference..	105½	6	Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43	4
Reduced 3 p. c. ..	100¾	¾	North Western	174⅜	⅜	Stand. Buk. S. Africa	61½	2½
Local Loan Stock..	103¾	¾	South Western	145½	4½	**MINES.**		
New 2½ per Cent.	99¾	¾	Manchester & Shef.	68	70	Indian Consolidated	5/16	⅜
India 3½ per Cent.	107¾	¾	Do. A	35½	¼	Mysore shares	3¾	4
Do. 4½ p. c. Ru.	70¼	1	Met. Consolidated .	76¼	7¼	Oregums	1 9/16	11/16
Egyptian Guar. ..	101	2	Do. Land Stock ..	68½	70½	Cape Copper	6⅜	⅛
Met. Bd. Wks. 3½	111¾	12½	Do. District ..	33	½	Namaqua	5⅞	4⅜
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	103½	¼	Midland	137½	¾	Mason and Barry...	9½	¾
Birmingham Crp. St	111	12	North British Pref.	73¾	¾	Rio Tinto	24⅛	⅜
Liverpool	111	½	Do. Def.	57	¾	Montana £1 shares	2	¼
FOREIGN STOCKS.			North Eastern	165⅞	⅜	De Beers new shares	16¾	½
Argentine 6 p. c. ..	102	4	North Stafford	114½	15½	African Explor.	17	¾ xall
Do. Hard Dols..	65½	8½	South Eastern	133	5	**TELEGRAPHS & TELEPHONES**		
Do. Treasury ..	97	6	Do. Deferred....	108¼	½	Anglo-American ..	8⅜	9
Austrian Gold	92	4	**FOREIGN RAILWAYS.**			Do. Pref	83½	1½
Do. Silver	63	70 xd	Canada Pacific	57¼	⅝	Brazilian submarine	13⅜	⅝
Brazilian 1875	101½	2⅜xd	Can. Pacific Share	56½	7	Direct Unit. States	9¾	10
B. Ayres 6 p. c....	101	2	Chic. Milland St. Pl.	63¾	⅛	Eastern	12⅛	⅛
Do. Cedulas I....	98¾	9½	Denver & R. Grande	17	¼	Ditto Extension..	12⅜	⅛
Chilian 4½ p. c. 1886	101	3	Do. Pref.....	49¼	¾	United Telephone	14⅜	⅜
Costa Rica A.....	89	90	Illinois Shares	117½	18½	Globe Teleg. Trust	6¾	7
Do. B	91	2	Lake Shore	106½	⅛	**TRAMWAYS, ETC.**		
Egypt. State Dom.	101¾	¾	Ohio & Mississippi	22	½	London Gen. Om..	156	206
Do. Unified	85	¾	Louis. and Nash..	68¾	⅛	London Street	17½	18½
Do. Preference...	102	⅝	Mex. Cen. Bonds...	70¾	¾ xd	London Tramway..	13	14
Do. Daira Sanieh	70	⅝	Miss. Kan. & Texas	13¾	14¼	North Metropolitan	17¾	18½
French 3 p. c. Rnts.	82½	2 xd	N. Y. Ont. Shares	111¾	12½	**WATERWORKS.**		
Do. 4½ p. c. Rnts.	105¾	¼	New York Ontario	16¾	⅝	Chelsea Waterworks	256	61 xd
Greek 6 p. c. 1881..	84	5¼xd	Erie Shares	23¾	½	East London	201	4
Hung. Gold Rentes	84	¼xd	Do. Sec. Mort ..	105¾	¾	Grand Junction ..	121	5
Italian	92	⅛xc	Norfolk & West. Pref	51⅜	2½	Kent	277	82
Mexican Convertes	92	⅛xd	N.Y.P. & O. 1st M.	81¾	5 xd	Lambeth	292	7 xd
Peruvian 5 p. c. 72	14½	15½	North Pacific Pref.	51⅜	2⅛	New River, New..	350	60
Do. 5 p. c.	15	⅜	Pennsylvania Sh..	54¾	55¼	Sthwrk & Vauxhall	166	71
Portuguese.....	62½	3⅛xd	Phil. & Read. Sh..	21⅜	⅜	W. Middlesex	252	7
Russian 1875	101½	⅝	Union Pacific Shares	63⅜	⅝	**GAS & ELECTRIC LIGHT.**		
Spanish 4 p. c.	72 5/16	7 10xd	Wabash Preference	25¼	¼	Gas-light & Coke A	256	60
Turkish 1854	99	101	Do. Gen. Mort..	39½	40½	Imp. Continental ..	203	12
Group 1	25¼	7¼	Grand Trunk Ord.	10¼	⅛	South Metropolitan	300	5
Group 2	16	⅛	Do. First Pref..	65¾	6½	Brush Elect. (£3 pd)	3¼	4¼
Group 4	15	⅛	Do. Second Pref.	45¾	⅝	**MISCELLANEOUS.**		
4½ p. c. 1871....	93¼	4¼	Do. Third Pref..	20⅜	⅛	Allsopp	8	¼
5 p. c. Defence ..	99¼	6¾	Do. Guaranteed .	71⅜	¾	Guinness and Co....	310	15
5 p. c. Priority ..	83	5	Mexican Ordinary	39¼	40	Hotchkiss	11½	⅛
Uruguay Unified ..	70	½xd	Do. First Pref.	115	½	Bryant and May ..	12⅜	13⅛
Virginia Funded ..	41	2	Ob. do. 2nd Pref.	68¼	½	Spratt's Patent	10¼	⅛
U.S. 4½ p. c.....	110	12	Lombardo-Venetian	9	⅛	Liverpool Nitrate..	23½	9½
BRITISH RAILWAYS.			Varna 5 per cent..	8	¼	Primitiva Nitrate..	35¼	7¼
Caledonian.....	117¼	18	Nitrate Railway ..	27¼	8¼	Salt Union Shares	4	¼ pm
Great Eastern	60⅜	¾	**BANKS.**			Do. Preferred	65	7
Great Northern....	133	15	Alliance Bank	134	¾	P. and O. Steam ..	8	5
Ditto A	131½	5⅝	City Bank	203½	11½	Royal Mail Steam ..	63	5
Great Western	153	½	Consolidated Bank	8	½	Nat. Discount Co..	11½	12
Hull and Barnsley	33	½	Imperial Ottoman	11¾	¾	Hudson's Bay	13⅜	13¾
Lanc. and York....	118	19	London and County	83	9	Suez Canal.....	86½	7
Brighton (Ordinary)	145	5	Union of London..	40½	1½	E. & W. Ind. Dock	19	21
						London and St. K.	41	3

The following are quotations of securities receiving attention at present, and not given in our list above:—

Bulgarian Six per Cents.	87½	8	Spes Bona	5¼	¾
Bell's Asbestos.....	18⅜	¾	Wemmers	14⅜	15
Tarapaca Bank	6¼	6½pm	Langbaagtes	6½	¾
Tarapaca Water	15½	16	Jubilee	9½	¾
Oceana Land	17½	18¾	Robinson	60	2
Jumper's Gold	13¼	¾	San Jorge.....	9	¼pm

THE STRIKE OF LORD LONDONDERRY'S SAILORS.

The strike of sailors and firemen in the employ of Lord Londonderry at Seaham harbour and Sunderland was brought to an end at a late hour last night. The whole of the men's demands have been conceded, and the settlement is attributed to the power of the National Union of Sailors and Firemen, which the men joined in a body last Tuesday. Nearly all the detained steamers will sail to-day with cargoes of coal.

TO-DAY'S TITTLE TATTLE.

Dr. Schneider, the London correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and who holds the highest standing and position in the journalistic world, deserves to be credited with the neat remark that it is unfortunate the English cannot be made to see that the *Daily News* is Mr. Gladstone's "reptile," just in the same way as the *Cologne Gazette* is Prince Bismarck's! I commend the definition to my friends in Bouverie-street.

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Mrs. McIlquham's nomination has been accepted by the returning officer for Cheltenham. This is notable because Mrs. McIlquham is a married woman candidate, and is standing for the Central Ward division of Cheltenham for the County Council.

***

I am glad to hear that Mr. Vincent Morier, who struck out across Siberia in a reindeer sledge from the confines of the Arctic Ocean, has joined hands with Mr. Eliot, who has been sent from the Embassy to meet him. They are now travelling home together. Mr. Eliot is a first-rate linguist, and his services will be invaluable.

***

Talking of Mr. Vincent Morier I may mention that Captain Wiggins, who turned up at Mdme. Novikoff's reception at Claridge's yesterday, is now living in the North of London. He is as full of hope as ever, and confidently anticipates that this year the trip will be successfully accomplished.

***

King Milan is off to Nice, taking Madame Christitch with him. Her husband, instead of going to his duties at Berlin, accompanies his King. Meanwhile the poison spreads. The Servian Minister at Vienna has been recalled because he would not tolerate the scandalous intrigues of the King. M. Christitch has been refused at Rome, and if his wife goes to Berlin she will not be received. The course of lawless love seldom ran less smoothly than in the case of King Milan.

***

Alas, poor Father Gavazzi! His death, at the age of eighty, in Rome, removes from the stage of contemporary history one of the few Italians whose personality was known in England. I can never forget the effect of his stormy and dramatic eloquence upon a great audience in the North of England many years ago. North Countrymen are made of stubborn stuff, but this eloquent Italian simply made them laugh and cry, and cheer and then again sit as silent as death, with an easy mastery I have never seen before or since. For a foreigner speaking English it was little short of miraculous.

***

It is well that the Heratee sepoy who tried to shoot Abdur Rahman on Boxing Day missed his mark. A dead Ameer just now would make trouble in Afghanistan. Personally it would have been a good riddance had the sepoy been a better shot. Abdur Rahman is a besotted debauchee, given to drugging himself with hemp. He is cruel and vicious, and his gout makes him sometimes almost intolerable.

***

The Gattis tell me they have engaged another villain—a stage villain, I mean, of course—for the Adelphi. He is Mr. Abingdon, who is of the Willardian school of murderers, forgers, and convicts, now playing the deuce at the Princess's.

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In another column is an interesting account of the shoes which Mrs. Siddons used to wear in Lady Macbeth, and which were presented to Miss Ellen Terry by Mrs. Arthur Stirling.

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The *Athenæum* of last Saturday blunders badly in reviewing "Uncle Piper" when it says: "Tasma makes himself interesting both by himself and through his personages." "Tasma," our literary friend ought to know, is one of the best-known colonial authoresses, and is now married to a Belgian gentleman. She chose her literary pseudonym from her native isle—Tasmania—the colonial isle of youth and beauty.

***

Grimsthorpe Castle, which, in order to effect certain economies, Lord Willoughby de Eresby has decided to close, is an ancient historical structure. The south-east tower was built as early as the reign of Henry III., but the principal part of what Fuller calls the "extemporary" building was suddenly raised by Charles Brandon, Duke of Norfolk, in order to entertain Henry VIII. in a progress through that part of the kingdom. The dining-hall is hung with rich Gobelin tapestry which the Duke obtained with his third wife, Mary Tudor, Dowager Queen of France.

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The Stuart Exhibition is provoking a discussion regarding the proper mode of spelling the name of the Royal House; it is, perhaps, not generally known that up till the time of Mary Queen of Scots it was always spelt Stewart, the name having been derived from the Office of High Steward of Scotland; the unfortunate Queen Mary had contracted the habit at the French Court of turning Stewart into a French word, and spelling it Stuart (there being no *w* in French); a century later, after the revolution of 1688, the Royal House lived so entirely in France that the French mode of spelling the name became and still is very generally adopted. It was stated in one of the society papers last week that "Lord Galloway refused to contribute to the Stuart Exhibition because he disapproves of the manner in which the committee thought right to spell the word Stuart, which is quite correct, if Sir Walter Scott can be accepted as an authority upon such a subject, and Lord Galloway's own Stewart is wrong, in spite of the descent from Darnley which he claims."

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Every one of these particulars is, I am assured, incorrect. Lord Galloway has lent the Stewart Miniatures, which were the property of Cardinal York; Sir Walter Scott always spells the word *Stewart*, Lord Galloway's way; and the Galloway Stewarts have never claimed to be descended from Darnley, for all his legitimate descendants in the male line died with Cardinal York, but they do claim to be the heirs male of the Royal House since Cardinal York's death, which is not quite the same thing.

LOVE VERSUS DISCIPLINE IN THE MISSION FIELD.

Considerable astonishment has (says the *Methodist Evangelist*) been created in the Connection by the news that the Rev. F. B. Turner, who recently went out to China, has returned to England. We would ask our friends to suspend judgment until all the facts are before them. It is well known that his young lady, while on her way out to be married, was wrecked. The harrowing description which Mr. Turner received of her sufferings and dangerous condition so wrought upon his feelings that he came home by the first vessel he could get, to take her out with him. For this breach of discipline he has been suitably admonished by the missionary committee. The diligence and success with which he has studied the language and applied himself to his duties were acknowledged, and he sailed with his bride yesterday. Mr. Turner will pay all his own expenses, and will forego his salary for the period he will have been absent from China.

ON SHORTHAND AS A PASTIME.

A numerously attended meeting of members of the Phonetic Shorthand Writers' Association was held last night at 55, Chancery-lane, when Mr. Thomas A. Reed delivered a lecture on "Shorthand as a Pastime." Mr. Reed in his address gave some amusing instances of the misplacing of vowels and peculiar joining of consonants by learners of phonography. He remembered a case of a student, who, in taking down the words of a speaker, by the misplacing of a vowel rendered the words "return a blow with a kiss," "return a blow with a axe." Considerable amusement, he said, could be derived from taking down home conversations when one was supposed to be engaged in something serious and at a future time reading the notes to the family circle. There were, indeed, various ways by which amusement could be got out of shorthand, and one that suggested itself to him was having a number of shorthand consonants and vowels cut out of cardboard or wood, and distributing them among the members of the family who understood phonography, their task being to form as many words as possible out of the signs.

THE BISMARCK SCANDAL.

MORE WRIGGLING OF THE REPTILES.

A semi-official letter from Berlin to one of the local news agencies in Vienna hints that Prince Bismarck has not said his last word on the Morier affair, but will shortly discuss all the incidents connected with the publication of the late Emperor Frederick's Diary in a speech to the Reichstag. The writer says, also, that the collapse of the Geffcken case cannot be regarded as a check to the Chancellor, seeing that Prince Bismarck has entirely succeeded in his object of proving that the Diary was published at the instigation of a number of persons, Sir Robert Morier being one of them, who were plotting his (Prince Bismarck's) overthrow.

The *Wochenblatt* describes the Morier incident as "a still uglier echo of the Diary affair," and deplores the system of personal suspicion between political adversaries. Things having gone so far, it is added, it would be a severe blow to German diplomacy, and one which could not be explained away, if Sir Robert Morier's continuance in St. Petersburg were not rendered impossible.

A Berlin paper, which has found out that it is not Sir Robert himself but his wife whose sympathies are French, has, at the same time, made the wonderful discovery that the betrothal of Princess Alix of Hesse with the Tzarewitch is the real cause of the entire Morier scandal. According to this organ, Sir Robert, knowing the Court of Darmstadt well, was able to bring about this betrothal in spite of the opposition of Prince Bismarck and the German Government.

The *Correspondance de l'Est* of Vienna published an interesting communication from a German politician who played a prominent part at the time when the Old Liberals were in favour with the late Emperor William. The writer said:—"This prospect inspires many German patriots with anxiety for the future. Everything meets with its reward in this world. In our own country one blunder is committed after the other. Offence is given to the living, while the dead are insulted. We deserve the blame of enemies, and still more that of our friends." The paper was at once confiscated, it is alleged, on the demand of the German Embassy.

MACAULAY FOR THE MULTITUDE.

70,000 COPIES IN CIRCULATION.

As we announced the other day, Messrs. Longmans have just published a cheap but admirably "got up" set of Macaulay's works in five volumes, stoutly bound in dark blue covers, the Roxburgh binding, and presenting a very handsome appearance on the bookshelves. Hitherto the History and Sir George Trevelyan's famous Biography of his uncle have been beyond the reach of the pocket of the multitude; the Essays and the Lays, of course, have been published in cheaper forms. Recently Messrs. Longmans determined to issue the present "popular edition," which should certainly find its way into every household. The price of the complete set of five thick volumes is 12*s.* 6*d.*, all told, or, if you wish to buy the Biography alone, or the Lays and Essays, you may take a single volume, which at the discount booksellers' will cost you the modest sum of 1*s.* 11*d.* The type is good and the quality of the paper excellent. Now for a few figures about the movement in the democratizing of literature. Of the History, which is in three volumes, 30,000 copies have been distributed over the length and breadth of Great Britain, and of the Lays and Essays, and the Biography, 20,000 each, making a total print of 70,000. The weight of paper used in the edition amounts to 60 tons—a fact for statisticians. We need scarcely say that the copyrights (forty-two years) of the Essays and Lays expired some time ago, but the copyright in the History, of which the last volume was published early in the sixties, will not expire till early in the next century. In a great book like the History, which is published slowly, and in single volumes, each volume has its legal life, so that no one except the Longmans can publish a complete set of the History. No doubt Sir George Trevelyan's "Life" will have an enormous sale—1*s.* 11*d.* is indeed a small sum to pay for one of the most delightful biographies that has ever been written.

AN INTELLIGENT AND AFFECTIONATE GORILLA.

According to a letter recently received from the South-West Coast of Africa, Mr. J. J. Jones, a trader at Ngove (a country situated immediately south of Camma and the River Fernand Vaz), has for some time had in his possession a young female gorilla whose docility and tractability are most remarkable. Mr. Jones has trained the little anthropoid to follow him like a dog, and it recently accompanied him on a journey to Sette-Camma, a distance of twenty miles or more, walking all the way. Jeannie, as the baby gorilla has been named, sleeps with her master, and follows him wherever he goes, weeping like a child if left behind. She has acquired many civilized tastes and habits, and will drink tea, ale, brandy, &c., out of a cup or glass, displaying the utmost carefulness not to break the vessel; and will, in fact, do almost anything her master wishes, and is so intelligent and affectionate as to greatly astonish and interest all who have seen her.—*Athenæum*.

SIR WILLIAM M'CORMAC.

Sir Wm. M'Cormac, under whose care has fallen the gallant young Atkins, victim of the burglar's shot, is (writes the London correspondent of the *Sheffield Telegraph*) is not only one of the greatest, but is actually the biggest of English surgeons. He stands 6 ft, 2 in. in his stocking-feet, and is burly to boot. He has seen a good deal of the world, and gathered his supreme mastery of gunshot wounds on the battlefield. With a touch as gentle as a woman's, and a hand as powerful as a lion's paw, he is gifted with a combination of nicety and strength that makes one of his most difficult operations a certainty of success. I believe that, more than any other man in the profession, he commands the confidence and admiration of surgeons, for, as happened at Muswell-hill on Tuesday, when a bad case falls into the hands of local doctors, their first impulse is to send for Sir Wm. M'Cormac.

INDICATING STATIONS ON RAILWAYS.

A decidedly great convenience to travellers is now being tested on some of the French railway lines. This is a telegraphic indicator, by means of which the name of the next stopping place is shown to the passengers. Connection is made between the compartments of each carriage and the guard's van, in which latter is a dial which registers the names of the stations shortly before they are reached. This has already been done for some time in Russia, but it is a question whether it has any superior advantage over the American system. As everybody knows, the conductors of American trains are able to walk from one end of the train to the other; as the train steams out of the station his brakesmen stand at the doors of the cars and announce the name of the next station; and they repeat it again before coming to a standstill at the plat.orm.

SOMETHING NEW IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

A curious photographic apparatus, in which a camera is raised by a rocket and lowered by a parachute, is being developed, a Paris correspondent says, by a French inventor, M. Amédée Denisse. In its experimental form, the cylindrical camera has twelve lenses round its circumference, with a sensitive plate in its centre, and it is provided with a shutter, which opens and instantly closes as the apparatus commences to fall. The descent is eased by the opening of the attached parachute, which is drawn back to the operator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket. For securing bird's-eye views the photo-rocket offers several important advantages over balloon photography, such as comparative cheapness in operating and freedom from risk in case of use for military reconnoitring.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MESSAGE TO MR. EDISON.

Mr. Edison has received from Colonel Gouraud phonograms from several English celebrities, including the Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Gladstone, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Postmaster-General, and the Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Gladstone addressed Mr. Edison through the instrument as follows:—

Dear Mr. Edison,—I am profoundly indebted to you for, not the entertainment only, but the instruction and the marvels of one of the most remarkable evenings which it has been my privilege to enjoy. The request that you have done me the honour to make—to receive the record of my voice—is one that I cheerfully comply with so far as lies in my power, though I lament to say that the voice which I transmit to you is only the relic of an organ, the employment of which has been overstrained. Yet I offer to you as much as I possess, and so much as old age has left me, with the utmost satisfaction as being at least a testimony to the instruction and delight that I have received from your marvellous invention. As to the future consequences, it is impossible to anticipate them. All I see is that wonders upon wonders are opening before us. Your great country is leading the way in the important work of invention. Heartily do we wish it well; and to you, as one of its greatest celebrities, allow me to offer my hearty good wishes and earnest prayers that you may live long to witness its triumphs in all that appertains to the well-being of mankind.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

CADBURY'S COCOA is a refined concentration of the strength-sustaining principles of the flesh-forming constituents of the Cocoa-nib. Delicious, nutritious, easily digested, and of great economy a sixpenny packet yielding fourteen large breakfast cups of perfect Cocoa. It is absolutely pure.

AUSTRALIAN HORSES.

Lord William Beresford, Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, it is reported, has made a bet of five hundred guineas with the Duke of Portland to the effect that he will produce an Australian horse to run a match at even weights against any two-year-old of the Duke's, the race to come off in England this year over a course not exceeding three-quarters of a mile. The horse-breeding industry in Australia, we learn, is not in a highly flourishing condition, owing to the limited export market which exists. The annual increase in the number of horses in the colony scarcely exceeds 1 per cent. The colony is specially adapted for the breeding of saddle and light harness horses, and it is doubtful whether these particular breeds are anywhere surpassed. The ordinary bush horse is hardy and swift, and capable of making very long and rapid journeys when fed only on the ordinary herbage of the country. Even in times of drought, when grass and water have become scanty, these animals will perform astonishing feats of endurance. Owing, however, to the limited demand, it has not been found advantageous to breed horses for any but local requirements, and the attention of farmers is almost exclusively devoted to sheep and cattle breeding, which are more profitable than horses.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE.—THE HISTORY OF A YEAR.

The Brooklyn bridge is no less a marvel than it ever was, but it is now such a commonplace convenience that the people of the metropolis wonder how they ever got along without it. Over 33,000,000 passengers passed over the bridge during the year ending December 1, of whom more than 30,000,000 were railway passengers. Not a single serious accident occurred on the railway. Fifty-eight persons were injured by falling on the stairs or from other causes. Five lost children were found on the bridge. One person committed suicide by shooting, and there were forty-two runaways with slight damages. The bridge is well policed, so that women cross alone at night without the slightest annoyance.

A BIG THING IN ADVERTISING.

The people of Sioux City, Iowa, are thorough believers in the value of advertising, and the recent corn palace was a unique example of their methods. Their latest scheme to attract attention is a "corn-palace" train, to be run to Washington to witness the inauguration of President Harrison. Preparations are on foot to decorate a train of ten coaches with corn in the ear, the designs to be so arranged and constructed that they will stand the long trip and make a good appearance at the capital. Negotiations are in progress for the passage of the train to Washington, the eastward journey to be made over one line, and the return by another.

A HAND-SHAKING SOCIETY.

Dr. Brock used to say that his right hand had much to do in keeping together his church. And he was not, as a pastor, alone in that experience. "We notice," says the *Christian Intelligencer* (of America), "the formation of a 'Hand-shaking Society' in connection with some Western churches. The members pledge themselves to shake hands with at least one person in connection with each public service. The object aimed at is well worth the heedful consideration of Christian people. A cordial hand-shake has often settled not only the religious home of a church attendant, but retained under Christian influences many a one for whom Satan had spread his net."

"HOW ELEVATING!"

"There is at least one good thing," writes the *Hawk*, "we might copy from our American cousins, and that is their law regulating the appearance of children on the stage. I was at the South London Music Hall a few evenings ago, and was thoroughly disgusted with the appearance of the Sisters Lloyd, two little girls, whose united ages could not have been more than twenty. In short frocks, they sang songs about mashing, flirting, and kissing, then indulging in a sort of song and dance can-can which quite sickened me. Finally, the youngest—about nine, I should say—took an encore by shaking her leg in a twist, and exhibiting a profusion of under garments. How elevating! Can there really be parents who exist on such an exhibition?"

THE COLOUR CURE IN NERVOUS DISORDERS.

A singular method of treating nervous disorders, especially those allied with insanity, is reported from Italy in the columns of the *Scientific American*. It consists simply of confining the patients in rooms where the light is arranged to pass through coloured glass, the walls being also coloured. Red, blue, and violet are the tints which have been found to exercise the most beneficial effect on the mind of the insane, and it is said that a violent patient suddenly introduced into a violet room—the windows and walls being tinted—was perfectly calm in an hour or two. The red room is used for cases of melancholia accompanied by distaste for food, and one patient suffering acutely, after three hours' residence in the red hue became cheerful, and asked for food.

The new Malagasy translation of the Bible is now ready to be issued.

The Pope has sent to Cardinals Manning and Newman and to the Archbishop of Glasgow (Dr. Eyre) a chalice each.

Sir Henry Roscoe has been elected to represent the Royal Society on the governing body of Eton College.

Mrs. Merrifield, whose name as a writer on Algæ and kindred subjects is well known, died on the 4th instant, in her eighty-fifth year.

A meeting in support of the formation of a School of Ambulance, in memory of the late Colonel Duncan, M.P., was held at Sunderland yesterday.

Grafton-square Church, Clapham, of which Rev. J. Guinness Rogers is pastor, has arranged to give a series of suppers to different classes during the winter months. On Tuesday evening about 200 newsboys were entertained.

Mr. Poland, Q.C., has accepted the invitation of the barristers practising at the Central Criminal Court, the Middlesex Sessions, and the Surrey Sessions, to a complimentary dinner at the Holborn Restaurant on the 5th February. The Lord Chancellor will preside, and will be supported by Sir R. Webster and Sir E. Clarke.

A remarkable scene was witnessed at Plumstead yesterday, when a van belonging to the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society was sold at auction to satisfy a claim for tithe made by the Rev. James McAlister, vicar of the parish, in respect to land which the society had acquired in order to supply its members with vegetables. The van was knocked down to the society for £33.

There are now 101 geographical societies in the world. Of these, France and her colonies have more than any other country—29, with 19,800 members; next comes Germany, with 22 societies, and 9,200 members; followed by Great Britain and her colonies, with 9 societies, and 5,600 members. There are altogether 130 geographical serials published in the various countries of the world.

THE "SCOTTISH SPURGEON."—The induction of Mr. McNeill at Regent-square is fixed for February 28, Rev. Dr. Edmond to preside.

THE "NITRATE KING" IN THE RACING WORLD.—"The ubiquitous Colonel North," according to *Piccadilly*, is "now going to seek distinction in the racing world, and the first thoroughbred purchased was, by the advice of Lord Randolph Churchill, the Kingsclere three-year-old, Iddesleigh. The purchase-money was 2,000 guineas, I hear."

Professor Henry Drummond can only with great difficulty be prevailed upon to make what may be termed a public appearance; but where he can be sure of privacy he readily gives his services as a speaker. For instance, on three or four occasions during this winter the author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" has conducted the service at the mission stations connected with Dr. Marcus Dod's church.

ANOTHER NORTH POLE EXPEDITION.—A movement has been started in Norway for the despatch in the summer of 1890 of an expedition which would try to reach the North Pole, and it is proposed that the leadership shall be offered to Dr. Nansen. Those who are arranging the plans maintain that no other country could furnish such a crew of experienced and hardy ice-men and Arctic travellers as Norway, and that a winter or two in the Arctic regions would affect these men very little. The intention is that an attempt shall be made to reach the Pole by way of Franz Josef's Land, a route advocated by the most experienced Norwegian Arctic travellers, as well as by several well-known men of science who have studied the problem.—*Nature*.

THE SWENY FUND.—With reference to an Art Note on this subject in our issue of Wednesday last, the hon. treasurer of the fund (who is a well-known journalist) writes to us to say that the note in question was obviously written under a misapprehension. He has neither recommended, he tells us, nor employed any one as "collector," and as to having recommended or suggested an employé of his own, he has none such. With regard to the fund itself the amount required has all been collected within a small sum, which the treasurer has reason to believe will be forthcoming at the proper time. We are very glad to hear that the fund has been thus successful, and we beg to apologize to the treasurer for any annoyance our note has caused him.

Bord's Pianos. 25 per cent. discount for cash, or 15*s.* per month (Second-hand, 10*s.* 6*d.* per month) on the three years' system. Illustrated Lists free of CHAS. STILES and CO., 42, SOUTHAMPTON-ROW, HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

CHIT-CHAT FROM THE CONTINENT.

Reports of wintry cold, of snow and ice and clear, crisp air, come from all parts of the world. In Russia they have had Christmas in a "biting" frost; in the North Sea, off the German coast, fishing boats have been stuck in the ice, which was not strong enough to allow help to be sent from the nearest village; in Westphalia, a man was frozen to death a few nights ago; in the Midi, the east wind is cutting its icy way, and in some parts of Italy avalanches are burying railway lines; but from Meran, in the South of the Tyrol, I hear that "the weather is finer than it has been for years at this season. Roses are still blooming in the gardens, and on the southern slopes the March violets are coming out in large quantities."

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Marie Henriette, Queen of the Belgians, has, since the beginning of the new year, joined the army of journalists, together with her youngest daughter, Princess Clémentine, sister of the Crown Princess of Austria. The monthly magazine which her Majesty has just started is called *La Jeune Fille*, and is intended to keep young girls *au fait* of household matters and also of events in the world of art and literature.

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The Queen herself contributes all articles relating to household affairs, but the theatrical news and criticisms appear also above her pseudonym of "Madame Reyer." Princess Clémentine, as "Marthe d'Orey," writes the critical articles on art and literature; Carmen Sylva has been "engaged" to contribute a poem to every number, and arrangements are being made with the Crown Princess Stéphanie of Austria-Hungary for supplying the pictorial attractions of the new *revue*. Archduchess Marie Valérie's assistance has also been solicited, and altogether the outlook is most brilliant. The noble ladies might, indeed, do untold good if they take their task seriously, since the majority of women would have implicit faith in the advice of a Queen or a Princess when otherwise they would scorn to give any attention to a matter.

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Better late than never. The inventor of porcelain, Johann Friedrich Böttger, is to have a monument at Meissen, in Saxony, a model of which has just been completed by Herr Emmerich Andresen, the well-known sculptor of the Meissen China Works. The cost of the monument is estimated at £500.

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Talking of china, I hear that the French Consul at Barcelona has presented to the governor of that town, on behalf of President Carnot, a magnificent Sèvres vase, in recognition of the valuable services which the governor has rendered during the recent exhibition to the French colony at Barcelona.

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The fact that, in addition to the Universal Exhibition, a grand international exhibition of thoroughbred horses and all their relatives will be held at Paris during the approaching summer, will no doubt add greatly to the attractions of the "show" in the eyes of a great part of the public. I believe the horses, mules, and donkeys are only to be exhibited at the beginning of September, but as *Paris n'est pas Paris* during the hot months of July and August, this is perhaps a wise arrangement.

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The extent of the liberty of the press, as it exists in Germany, is shown by a case which has just been tried in the Berlin law courts. An engineer had been drawn into a dispute with the editor of the magazine of engineering on account of an announcement which had appeared in the columns of that periodical. In a letter he had used the expression, "such and similar cheese-papers," and this crime he duly exonerated by paying, after a vain appeal to the courts, the sum of thirty Reichsmark.

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The way in which Dr. Geffcken was released from prison is characteristic and of a piece with the whole wretched affair. One morning last week an official entered the "criminal's" cell and calmly and informally announced that he might now take his departure and go where he liked. Which, in an equally calm manner, the Professor did.

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But as soon as the prison walls of Moabit were behind him, Dr. Geffcken turned his steps towards the Central Hotel, there once again to indulge his inner man after having existed for several months on such victuals the cost of which per day must not exceed one mark. His cigars, also, were chosen for him according to the taste of the prison keepers, and the taste of the weed of his own choice was therefore last Saturday an additional delight. But best of all, he could once again see the *National Zeitung* of the day, while in prison only Geffcken-less numbers of his favourite paper had reached him.

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On January 27 is the birthday of William II. There are to be no public demonstrations, but the Berlin University will hold a festive meeting at noon, when Professor Dr. E. Curtius, the former tutor of the Emperor, will give a special address. The Emperor has also ordered that the best pupils, boys and girls, of all the Berlin schools, high and low, shall, on the evening of the 26th, be treated at the opera to a performance of Wildenbruch's patriotic play "Die Quitzows." The Emperor's two eldest sons will also be present at the performance.

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The first sample of silky-leaved tobacco has reached Hamburg from a large German Cameroon plantation. It is said to be of an excellent quality, and news has also arrived at Hamburg that the cocoa and vanilla plantations in Cameroon are doing very well, and are giving rise to great expectations as to the development of the country.

MR. LYSTER'S MERSEY DEFENCE SCHEME.

We have received the following from an authority who, from his position and experience, should be competent to express a decided opinion on the subject on which he writes:—

In reference to the article published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 5th of January, there is nothing "novel" about the scheme. The "floating batteries" of all forms, including circular, have over and over again, ages ago as well as a few years since, been proposed. At the Naval Museum at Greenwich can be seen a model answering more or less Mr. Lyster's proposal, designed by Sir S. Baker for the defence of the military ports as long ago as 1864 or 1865; but even his proposal had been anticipated both abroad and in this country. Russia constructed one, but it was a costly and contemptible failure. Some four or five years ago, an American engineer was sent over here with a design the exact counterpart of Mr. Lyster's. Asked how he proposed to anchor or moor his battery, especially in a tide-way, as at Liverpool, the reply was, "Oh! that's quite easy, but I have not worked out the details." The following conversation then ensued: "You claim for your circular form of floating battery great steadiness of platform. Stability I may grant, but if anchored, or even moored, to say nothing of, even in calm waters, the ceaseless vertical motion inseparable from the section of such a structure, circular now, except on top of high water or dead low water—how do you propose to overcome the horizontal rotatory action a circular body has in currents, winds, or tides? Have you ever watched the motion of a buoy on mooring one in a tide-way?"

"No, I have not. I admit the difficulty, but I think it can be got over."

"Well, we will grant that you secure what you call a steadfast platform for your guns, which I fear you will fail to do. You propose an all-round fire for your guns?"

"Yes, of course."

"And these guns are to be of the heaviest type?"

"Yes."

"You would propose to obtain this all round fire by the use of steam and engine power?"

"Yes, and in case of the steam giving in by hand-power."

"Good. Your guns are a certain weight and have a certain command. Then there is the weight of the carriage, its traversing gear, and the platform. All this mounts up, and to give it the steadiness you want, to say nothing of stability—another element altogether—the section of your vessel must be at least so many feet wide."

"Yes, probably."

"But in addition to the stores necessary—shot and shell, and coals, you propose to protect your guns by the heaviest armour?"

"Yes."

"But you further ask for a new condition to make the bottoms of your battery torpedo proof?"

"Yes, this is essential."

"To carry all this weight, the capacity of your floating structure runs into large figures?"

"Yes, the vessel will be a good tonnage, no doubt."

"More than a first-class monitor?"

"Yes, apparently."

"Well, if so, would it not be as well to add to her engine-power, and give her a propeller or two to add mobility to her other qualities, and not leave her a half tide rock, unable to co-operate with other similar batteries at the mercy of two or more hostile vessels capable of manœuvring and steering past it?"

"This would be an advantage, no doubt."

"But this circular form you advocate does not lend itself to speed or facile handling?"

"No, certainly it is not the best form for such an object."

"Well then, on the whole, would it not be better to fall back on a true monitor, a better style, an effective armoured cruiser, capable not only of defence but attack also?"

By this time my American friend was gathering up his drawings, and we parted on the most amiable of terms; but I have never seen him since.

The fact is, the entrance to the Mersey can easily be denied to an enemy without having recourse to any such expedients; but at the present moment I do object to anything, whether it comes from the London Chamber of Commerce the representatives of the shipbuilding rivers of the north, the optimist excuses of Mr. Stanhope or of Lord G. Hamilton, or even the vague acceptance of responsibility of the Prime Minister, being made use of as red herrings drawn across the scent of the quarry started by the *Pall Mall* four years since. Is the national fleet in such a state as to ensure the safety of our ocean-borne commerce, and stronger than any possible or probable combination of foreign fleets against it?

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON ON ELECTRICITY.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON'S presidential address to the Institution of Electrical Engineers last night exhibited a happy combination of the methods of philosophical inquiry advocated by Plato and by Bacon respectively. Those who, like the Greek philosopher, would study science because it assists in raising the mind to the contemplation of things which are to be perceived by the pure intellect alone, will find more than half of Sir William Thomson's address devoted to a mathematical and mechanical consideration of the phenomena of electro-magnetic induction. On the other hand, those who regard modern science purely from the standpoint of utility and progress will also find plenty of matter to interest them in the same address.

There are several points in Sir William Thomson's disquisition on "Electricity, Ether, and Ponderable Matter," which may well be thought over by the practical man. Electrical engineering would, he thinks, be a very pleasant affair if it dealt with electricity and ether alone. It is that "ponderable matter" which always exhibits the cloven hoof. Yet, if any young fellow grounds himself in mathematics and dynamics, as well as in chemistry and in the regular branches of civil engineering, he ought soon to acquire a fair knowledge of the electrical branch. One branch really demands the assistance of another. All architects, for example, ought at the same time to be civil engineers. Coming to the question of electric induction, Sir William remarked that the demand for some mechanical explanation of electrical phenomena had been growing in intensity every year. This particular question first arose in connection with submarine telegraphy; with which, by the way, Sir William Thomson was from the very first connected. It had recently been pointed out that electro-magnetic induction in a cable, so far from being an embarrassment, was a positive benefit. It required more electric force to begin with, but the current went farther. Telephonic signals occurred with enough frequency to make electric magnetic induction very sensibly influential. The number of vibrations, or "periods," per second produced by spoken sounds and musical notes ranged from 250 to 1,500. Incidentally, Sir William Thomson pointed out that there was a considerably greater loss of clearness in speaking through an iron wire than when copper formed the conducting medium.

By way of illustrating his theory of the distribution of the electric current in the conducting medium, Sir William Thomson produced that peculiar scientific toy known as the gyrostat. This, as the etymology of the word implies, is a circle which remains stationary in any position. It may be compared to a top which, when spun round, stands in whatever position it may be placed. But it has a yet more curious property. If, when revolving in a particular direction, any attempt be made to accelerate that motion the instrument either stops at once or begins to spin around in the opposite way. Moreover, when spinning, a certain side remains uppermost so long as the experimenter carries the gyrostat round in a particular direction. If he attempts to walk in a straight line the balance may be lost; if he attempts to turn round and walk in the opposite direction the whole revolving system at once turns over. Nothing could be more pleasant to contemplate than the joy which lit up the kindly old *savant's* features as he spun his top last night in the midst of an admiring group of colleagues. But lest lay minds should jump to the wrong conclusion with regard to this portion of the proceedings, we hasten to explain that this gyrostatic experiment was ingeniously devised by the professor to illustrate a most important point in his theory.

Sir William Thomson's conclusion was conceived in the true spirit of scientific research. He said he had contemplated the matter day and night for forty years; still the heart of the matter was not yet within his grasp. To take a line from the Laureate, Sir William Thomson may, in regard to this matter of electro-magnetic induction, be said to be

> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.

But he remains hopeful that the scales may some day, and in the near future, fall from men's eyes. At present, however, all is wrapped in mystery. As the distinguished president concluded, amid cheers, "We really know nothing whatever about this grand subject, which constitutes a province of the Institution of Electrical Engineers."

ANECDOTES OF HERBERT SPENCER.

THE lady novelist who writes under the name of John Law in the *British Weekly* gives this week a few personal recollections of the philosopher. Mr. Spencer ran away from his uncle's house because he abhorred dead languages, and has abhorred dead languages ever since. Mr. Spencer has not written any of his works; he has always dictated his thoughts to an amanuensis. I once, one Christmas, witnessed the philosopher kiss, or rather attempt to kiss, a lady. It was on a Christmas Day, after dinner, and we were all sitting in the billiard-room. He did it quite openly, quite philosophically, in fact. He produced a small sprig of mistletoe out of his pocket, and held it above her head. I did not see what happened, I was so much astonished. He had known her from the time she was a baby until that Christmas; and I believe he knows her still, that is to say, I understand she has forgiven him. I have not seen Mr. Spencer since he lost his health, but I hear that he suffers from mental depression, and that he is so weak he can only talk to friends for a few minutes.

Once Mr. Spencer took me out for a walk. As the little boy said of his grandmother, "Her thoughts were too high for me, and my thoughts were too low for her, so we never said nothing." Our walk took place in silence. But before we went indoors Mr. Spencer stood still, looking very serious, and said, "You have a bad habit of wrinkling your forehead. If you place three or four strips of sticking-plaster across it when you go to bed you will be cured of this trick. You can put them on at night, and take them off when you get up." Mr. Spencer used to be very fond of children before he lost his health; and they liked him, and were not afraid of him. I remember how surprised I was to hear the youngsters chaffing him—I who had found a temporary salvation in his "First Principles"—a book which pointed out to me the high-water mark of the human intellect. Mr. Spencer snubs young men, but he is very kind to young women.

IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

RANCHING STILL UNPROFITABLE.

The Scotch ranching companies appear to be doing no better than they have done in the past few years. The directors of the Prairie Cattle Company have informed their shareholders "that the results of the year's operations will not show a satisfactory balance. Several adverse circumstances have affected the company during the year. In the spring and early summer there was a long and severe drought, which so injured the pasture that many of the young calves died, thus making the total branding of the year show a considerable deficiency. Low prices for cattle such as we have to sell have ruled in the markets of Kansas city and Chicago for several months, and, although a rise took place in fat cattle from Montana and other Northern districts, no appreciable advance took place in range cattle. These adverse circumstances have already become known to some extent, and have had a depreciating effect on the market price of our shares. This, again, has forced on the directors the consideration of the question whether or not the debentures maturing at Whit Sunday are likely to be readily renewed. The amount of debentures falling due at that term is £46,000, and, in view of the present position of cattle investments, the directors cannot, in the interests of the company, allow the next term to approach too closely without making provision for contingencies. They have therefore resolved to make a call of 20*s.* per share, payable by two instalments of 10*s.* each, on 1st March and 1st May next." The subscribed capital of the company is £600,000, in £10 shares, of which £6 is paid. There are also debentures to the amount of £230,000. The company started off with magnificent dividends of 20 and 30 per cent., but there has been no distribution since the end of 1885. A debit was carried forward last year of £5,000, and this year that will be increased, but not materially. The shares with £6 paid are quoted ¼—¾.

A CORNER IN FLAX.

A syndicate is said to be operating in flax, and manufacturers have in consequence advanced their price of linen threads from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE IRON AND STEEL TRADE.

In concluding their annual review of the iron and steel trade for 1888, Messrs. W. Fallows and Co., of Liverpool, speak hopefully of the prospect of business for the current year. "In the iron and steel trade," they say, "there is a development of such an all-round character in our exports as is specially encouraging, and should shipping continue in a healthy condition our home industries are likely to be well employed. If the expectations of a general revival are realized it is sure to be followed by an advance in prices, as labour is eager to obtain its share in any improvements which may be going forward. It must not be forgotten, however, that any great improvement in the volume of trade may lead to financial stringency such as we have witnessed of late, as there appears to be a general scramble for gold, which does not appear so far to be modified by the late activity in gold, mining throughout the world. The future of trade is largely dependent on the maintenance of peace and financial stability on the Continent."

RAILWAY BUILDING IN THE STATES.

The extent of railroad laid last year in the United States was much under that in 1887, but still the addition was quite up to the average. The mileage of the country was increased by 7,120 miles, as compared with 13,000 in 1887 and 9,000 in 1866. We have to go back to 1882 and 1881 to find anything like such large figures, when the amounts were 11,560 and 9,796 miles respectively. In the intervening period and also prior to 1881 the total was under that of last year, with the exception of 1871. New track was laid in all the States and territories of the Union, with the exception of Rhode Island and Nevada.

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Jan. 10, 1889.

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